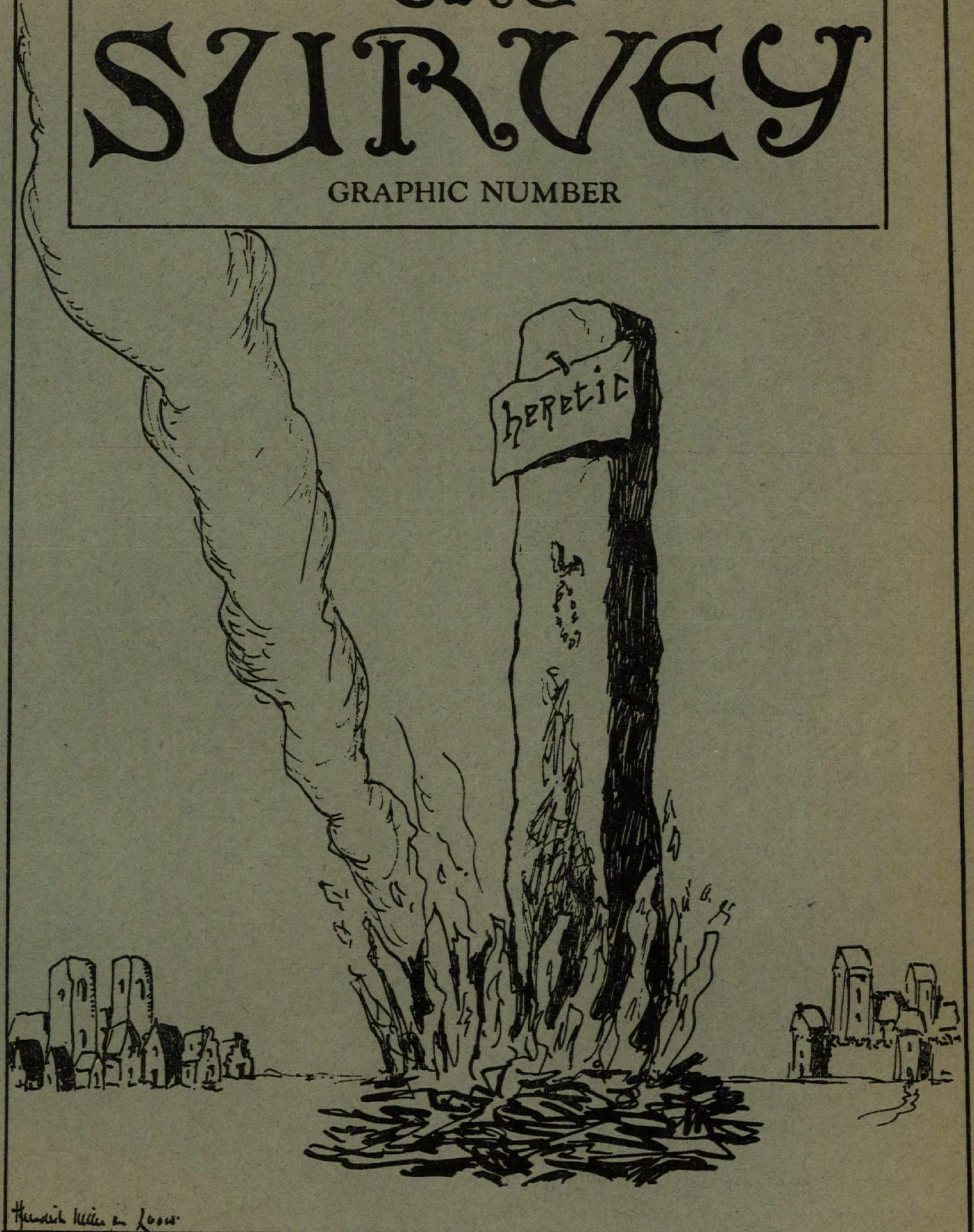
The Automobile in the Middle Ages—J. K. Hart

THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER



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Hendrik Willem Van Loon

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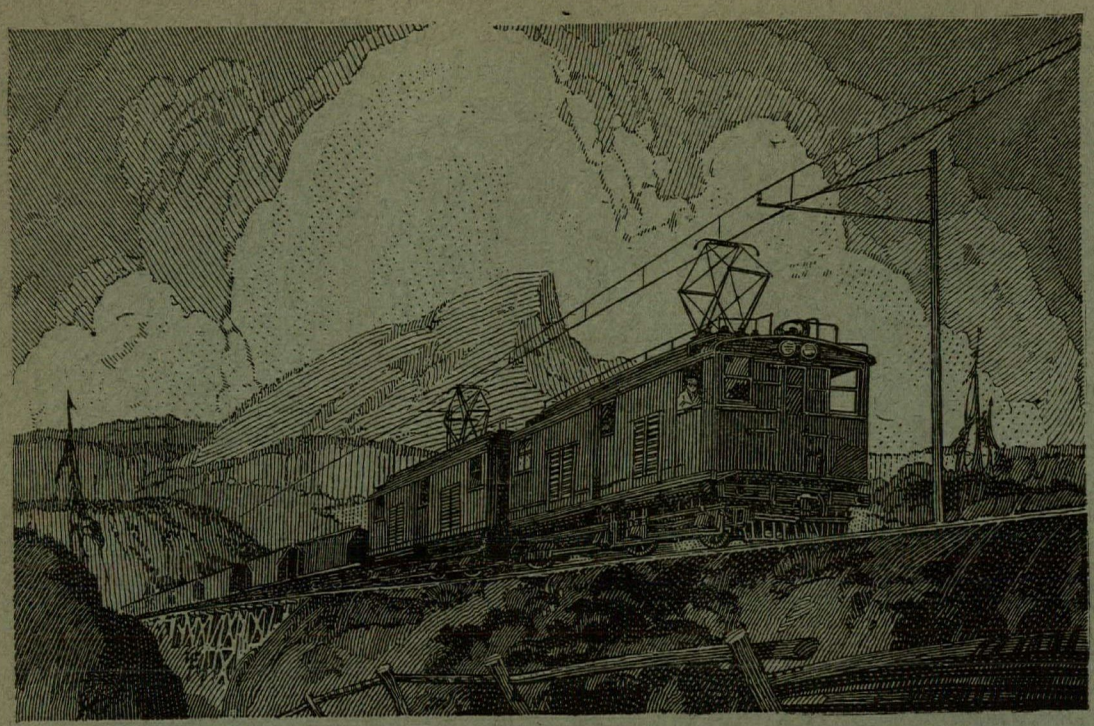

Through Silver Bow Canyon, Montana, where prospectors once led pack mules, long ore-trains are now hauled by electric locomotives.

Tons and tons—*electrically!*

When a railroad wants to save money, what should it do?

"Electrify," answers the Butte, Anaconda & Pacific Railway.

It's not a long road but it's very important. Five million tons of copper ore go over it every year, and—because electricity has lowered its operating costs—there is a saving on every ton.

All apparatus for the electrification of this railway was furnished by the General Electric Company—and this includes electric locomotives, transformers, switchboards, and overhead construction. Power from the Missouri River at Great Falls, Montana, is efficiently furnished by six G-E hydro-electric generators.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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The Magic of Print

THE old patent-medicine fakir knew well the magic of print. And the army of quacks who followed him have made use of the same magic. Most men and women accept without question *printed* statements which they might discredit were the same words *spoken*.

Never before in the known history of the world has there been such an orgy of fake "cures" as there is today. You will find quacks trailing along in the wake of every announcement of important medical research, with false claims of their "discoveries", their fake mechanical appliances and special treatments, their "health institutes" and their offers of free diagnosis and treatment by mail.

"Read the Label!"

"DON'T take my word for it that this medicine will cure you! Don't take anybody's word! Read the label and see for yourself," the street corner patent-medicine fakir urged as he held up a bottle containing some colored liquid guaranteed to cure a long list of ailments and diseases. His confederate in the crowd asked to see a bottle—and then the sales began.

Millions for Fake "Cures"

Fake-medicine labels are more cautious than they used to be. The U. S. Government, through the Federal Food and Drugs Act, forbids false or misleading statements on the trade package. But this Act does not prohibit lying statements in advertisements, circulars, or window displays.

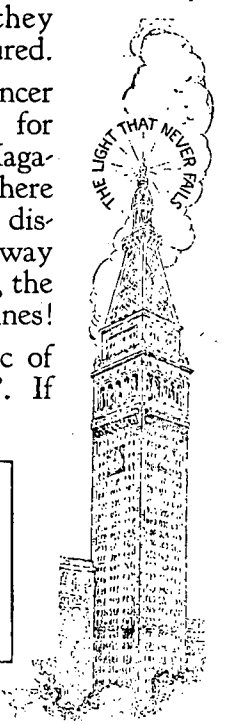
The vultures who prey on the sick advertise different remedies each guaranteed to cure a specific disease—tuberculosis, cancer, diabetes, kidney trouble, blood diseases, skin eruptions, epilepsy and almost every other serious ailment. And the dollars—millions of them every year—roll in to enrich these ghoulish quacks whose profits are tolled from human lives. Sick folk are pitifully easy victims. They experiment and hope—tragically—until it is too late. Waiting even a few weeks to try out a new patent medicine or a course of treatments at some dubious "health institute", may mean death which might have been prevented by the right medical care.

Cancer and Consumption "Cures"

Of late there has been a renewed wave of advertising of specific cancer and tuberculosis "cures"—the most despicable and cruel of all frauds perpetrated upon sick people. No medicine has ever been found that can be depended upon to cure these diseases—despite seemingly substantiated claims of manufacturers. Testimonials count for little. Many quacks are still using testimonials signed by people who died years ago from the very diseases of which they claimed they had been cured.

When a cure for tuberculosis or cancer *is* found it will not be necessary for the discoverer to advertise. Magazines and newspapers everywhere will shout the glorious news of his discovery. Instead of being crowded away in a few inches of advertising space, the story will blaze in front-page headlines!

Do not be deceived by the magic of print. Avoid advertised "cures". If you are sick see your doctor.



Although no specific remedy for the cure of tuberculosis has been found at the time this is written and scientists are working constantly on the problem—there are literally hundreds of nostrums offered to the public as guaranteed cures.

Against this cruel exploitation of the sick, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company invites the cooperation of editors and publishers everywhere.

It is true that the tuberculosis death rate has been reduced about 50% during the past 10 years and each year shows an improvement. This great battle is being won by a campaign of education through which people are being taught that although tuberculosis cannot be cured by medicine it can be prevented and even checked in its early stages and perhaps be permanently arrested—by fresh air, sunshine, rest and the right kind of nourishing food.

Booklets giving recent and authoritative information concerning Tuberculosis and Cancer will be mailed free upon request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World. More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force. More new Insurance each year

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A Glimpse Ahead

The Capital of Psychology

WE have had maritime capitals, and fashion capitals and university towns, and in Geneva even the capital for the nations of the world as a whole. By the banks of the blue Danube is an old City which is taking on a new significance. It was the financial capital of an empire which has been dismembered and its industrial provinces have been cut off. It is a city which has been scoured by poverty and penury in the post-war years as perhaps no city in Europe. Yet in the midst of these things it has become the center of the newest realm of civilization—psychology. Here are Freud and Adler and a dozen other lesser known pioneers in the borderlands of the human mind. Here come students from all over the world. Here have studied the men and women who are today leaders in Psychoanalysis and psychiatry in the United States. Yet for all that it is a very human community—with its cults and personalities and drama. No one could better interpret it with light touch and keen penetration than Cornelia Stratton Parker, author of an American Idyl, who has been studying in Vienna during the last year.

This will be one of the fresh sidelights on the stuff and method of today's education which are brought together in the September Graphic.

Education for the New Negro

STUDENT strikes at Fisk and Howard Universities during the past year have given vivid accent to the long debate as to the meaning and method of Negro education. It is not surprising that the stresses inherent in the Negro's new conception of himself—as Mr. Locke presented it in the Harlem Number—should cause upheaval when they strike across the rigid institutionalism of the college. Alain Locke himself, till this summer a professor at Howard University, is a deft and authoritative interpreter of the result.

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THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

Vol. LIV, No. 9 August 1, 1925

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The Gist of It

HAS the Santa Barbara earthquake stirred the inhabitants of that city toward efforts to rebuild with integrity and beauty? Pearl Chase believes it has. She tells (p. 469) of the methodic organization of the different social agencies for relief service, and something of plans for the new Santa Barbara. Miss Chase is secretary of the Community Arts Association, a society of unusual scope and great influence which has coordinated cultural activities in that city, providing a federation through which plans can be effectively promulgated in this period of regeneration. The story of the association will be told in a later issue of The Survey.

A Great Obsession "bedevils our industrial civilization," writes Mr. Bruère, industrial editor of The Survey. It lies in the assumption of a necessary class war between Capital and Labor, an assumption as gratuitous as that of a necessary conflict between religion and science, and equally befogging to clear thought. Is there a fresh concept of relationship which by pushing aside the anti-union and anti-management obsessions can lead to better production and the better life? Mr. Bruère explores that question on p. 473.

JUDGE Florence E. Allen was elected to the Supreme Bench of Ohio in 1923, the first woman to be called to that high position. In speaking of the function of the court she once said "It not only interprets, but it actually makes and unmakes the law." Here (p. 477) she offers us her ideas on what she feels to be the greatest need in law-making.

THE worker happy on the cool evening grasses of Central Park, romping in wild summer play, tranquil at the edge of the river, Harry Wickey gives us in a group of etchings drawn from his observation of the vivid life of the city (p. 479).

THIS year the maternal death rate for the United States is higher than that for every foreign country for which we had statistics, except Chile. Education of midwives is one way to change that humiliating fact. Samuel McCoy, whose article, Child Hearts, appeared in the November 1924 Graphic, tells how Virginia has trained her midwives, colored and white, until, as he says, they begin to think sanitation out for themselves.

"PRECURSORS, Initiators, Continuators, here is the elemental rhythm of progress; and in wave after wave of advance." Patrick Geddes discourses (p. 487) on the struggle of Lister and Pasteur, the conflict of old ideas against newer ones, and their history traced back through strata of thought.

IN his discussion of The Automobile in the Middle Ages (p. 493) Joseph K. Hart has something to say about the younger generation and the powerful influence of the automobile which he says "has brought us at last and undeniably, a new but long promised world, a world in which our commendation and condemnation and mediaeval moralizing have no more than an antiquarian interest." And as for the younger generation, some of them are saying they "must make a moral order in harmony with the new universe of science and the machine." Dr. Hart is in Europe this summer making a study of community and adult education.

SARAH N. Cleghorn tells us what might happen if we could have "leisure of the heart" to construct beauty and song (p. 491). She thinks we need "not single persons separately released from their cages for a few minutes, but a communal holiday heart, a widespread blitheness that can concentrate together in some gay creative impulse and bloom into art." Miss Cleghorn's verse and fiction—not least the biting quatrain about the working children who could "see the men at play"—have won her as many friends on the social work as on the literary side of the fence. She has been recently connected with the Manumit School for Workers at Pawling, N. Y.

TO Mr. Charles S. Bradway of Philadelphia the Survey offers its humble apologies for the error in its editorial on the Ellis College case (July 1, p. 402) whereby his name was published as Bradley. Charles Edwin Fox, former assistant district attorney of Philadelphia, and prominent in welfare work in that city, and Stevens Hecksher, a former president of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity have been associated with Mr. Bradway in these proceedings in open court, ordered by Judge Henderson to determine primarily whether the social agencies felt that there is a sufficient number of white fatherless girls eligible for entrance to Ellis College under the terms of the Foundation (that they be received before thirteen and discharged at the end of their seventeenth year, and be bona fide residents of Philadelphia or the four counties adjacent to the college) and to hear arguments as to the bearing of certain Pennsylvania statutes upon charitable surplus incomes. The Survey hopes to publish more of these proceedings, which according to one social worker "ranked in importance and in their full significance with any that have been held before in a Pennsylvania court in a generation."

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From the original etching by Harry Wickey

CENTRAL PARK

Here and on pages 479-482, Harry Wickey pictures midsummer in the city

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THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER

AUGUST 1, 1925

Volume LIV
No. 9

Santa Barbara Resurgent

By PEARL CHASE

PUFFS of white dust from the wall, a heaving shock, a roar and crash, then quiet. It was 6:44 on Monday morning, June 29. Out of the rooming houses and small hotels on lower State Street—out of houses all over the city, too—people came pouring into the streets. But someone who saw the exodus on State Street was deeply impressed by the fact that hardly a child in the throng was walking. Big and little, they were in the arms of their parents. The instinct to protect the young would be satisfied with nothing less.

From the moment that Santa Barbara shook, the city has been filled with the most wonderful spirit of unselfish helpfulness. A man at the power plant, struck though he was by a falling brick, pulled every switch; another at the same moment of shock, while the great tanks at the gas works were swaying so that water was thrown a hundred feet from their tops, toiled to shut off the gas mains with valves that had not been closed for five years. So fire, the enemy more greatly to be feared than the rocking of the earth, and one that has followed every severe earthquake in close-built cities, was averted.

Santa Barbara pulled herself together, literally, in a moment. Less than forty-five minutes after the quake the Red Cross had set up its headquarters tent in the City Hall Plaza, a couple of hundred feet from the table beside the City Hall (which stood intact) where city officials were already giving orders for patrolling the damaged business district and preparing messages for Los Angeles and San Francisco which would bring needed help. Within an hour a Stanford University student who happened to be also a commercial radio operator had salvaged enough apparatus from the store of a local dealer to set up a sending and receiving set in the middle of State Street. Listening in on passing ships and shore stations, he learned that Santa Barbara was the only city injured, and in spite of the limited range of his improvised apparatus he was able to get into communication with a tug through which a call for navy guard help—the first message out of the city—was relayed. Seven ships later stood by at the call of the city manager so that in case of fire their hose and pumps might be brought quickly into play.

On the plaza a first-aid station was promptly put in service and a canteen began serving coffee and sandwiches to everyone. The American Legion and Naval Militia reported for patrol duty. Monday afternoon a relief unit from the Los Angeles Chapter of the Red Cross arrived in a special train given by the Southern Pacific. At nine the next morning the Red Cross Regional Director of Disaster Relief met the official representatives of the city's social agencies—already grouped with the hospitals and public welfare department for team work in the Social Service Conference. The agencies pooled their service under the Red Cross director and districted the city, meeting daily to smooth out the flood of details as new plans were worked out. On their petition the mayor designated the Red Cross as the agency for home rehabilitation and relief of families caught in the disaster.

Emergency relief was carried on for a week by means of mass distribution of food from canteens as the principal activity. Light food and hot drinks were served twenty-four hours a day while the need lasted. The American Legion and Auxiliary established a canteen for its members and guards during the first few days. Shortly after, the Salvation Army began distributing food to those without means. The Southern Pacific Railroad placed free dining cars at the disposal of the emergency relief workers. There was little real need for clothes, as most of the homes were not completely destroyed, and many of those in hotels and apartment houses were able to salvage their personal effects

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Peabody Stadium

Everybody Welcome

Free of Charge

to Attend the Following Mtion Picture Programs

Tuesday and Wednesday, 8 p.m.

"RACING LUCK" and "OUR GANG" COMEDY

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

"THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER" and COMEDY

Rose Theatre

in Co-operation with the City of Santa Barbara

Metcalf's Band Tonight

Santa Barbara took courage, and amused itself, by community gatherings of varied sort in the week that followed the quake. The crowd shown above is attending a union service of the churches in the Alameda. To the left is an advertisement which invited all comers to free motion pictures

The first week brought a registration of 394 families—a majority of those whose homes suffered seriously. Home rehabilitation awards are being granted on the basis of need, not loss, by a local advisory committee which makes its awards from the record of the case compiled by a trained worker, and accompanied by a recommendation of the Red Cross disaster relief unit. One of the greatest problems will be to help the 3,000 of Mexican birth or descent who make up a tenth of Santa Barbara's citizens. Many of these families, among the poorest, suffered from flood when the Sheffield reservoir broke, as well as the earthquake.

Every one who watched those breathless first days was struck by the courage and the community spirit which seemed to be universal. Even on the day of the quake the store-keepers who managed to open their shops or display their wares on little tables along the sidewalk—like booths at a village fair—kept their prices at the normal level in spite of their difficulties and their uncertainty as to replenishing their stocks. The disaster relief director from the Pacific headquarters of the Red Cross declared that he had never come into a like situation where there was such harmony and cooperation among the social agencies and other city groups. Thanks to pioneer adventures in community living Santa Barbara had some unusual resources which were thrown into the emergency. The Recreation Center, for instance, which is sufficiently unusual in normal times and which forms a real community focus, had its information desk at work by eight o'clock after the shock and served hundreds of people with its rest rooms and comfort stations. It housed emergency nurses, registered the temporary addresses of doctors and drug stores, fed social workers in a backyard canteen and served as a banking center.

Santa Barbara is proud of the fact that at no time was it necessary to impose martial law. A squad of fifty policemen from Los Angeles served for two days and nights with the local force, and after they left a detachment of United States Marines, placed under command of the sheriff, helped in patrolling and in preventing injury from debris. Los Angeles sent, too, a whole division of fire apparatus which helped to tear down a few tottering walls. Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts were busy everywhere. The Junior League manned a motor corps which distributed telegrams and long distance telephone calls during the first congested days; carried messages between relief stations and social workers; transported rations and relief orders for the rehabilitation centers.

Fine as are all the records of work done, none are finer than that of the Cottage Hospital. Of the other hospitals, one was so injured that all its patients had to be taken to the Cottage Hospital, and the other was so shaken and damaged that it had to put the patients in tents on the grounds. Thus the Cottage Hospital had to care for a double supply of patients as well as deal with the casualties of the day. The nurses, at breakfast when the first quake came, set to work without any panic and brought all the patients out on the lawn. They had made all their own patients comfortable when the patients from the St. Francis began to arrive. The responsibility of the medical superintendent was just doubled, but he proved himself worthy of the occasion. When the nurses could pause a little in the middle of the morning they found time to smile at the picture of philosophic calm presented by a Chinese patient sitting quietly on the lawn under a large red umbrella. The neighbors who had beach umbrellas carried them in and soon all the patients were sheltered from the sun. By evening their confidence was quite restored and by nine, all the patients were in bed indoors. The nursing sisters of St. Francis hospital, who did heroic work in evacuating it at the time of the shock, have since then nursed many patients in their homes, reopening a hospital also in the nurses' building. The County Hospital is carrying on with the aid of tents.

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Santa Barbara, which had made a notable beginning in community recreation—that story is to be told in a later issue of The Survey, did not forget to play in its week of confusion. On the Fourth of July, five days after the city shook first, a great crowd gathered in the Alameda, one of the most beautiful small parks in America, to hear stirring addresses from Rexwald Brown, president of the Chamber of Commerce, and Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation. There was a band concert and a quartette and soloist from Los Angeles. Most of the church buildings suffered heavily, but on Sunday there was a union service of the Protestant churches in the Alameda. Concerts by the city band have been given at frequent intervals.

On Monday, the 6th, the Community Arts Association committees met to arrange for summer activities with as many free events as can be planned. The first was a street dance. A theater company quickly completed an airdrome where two moving picture shows are given regularly each evening. For a while free moving pictures are being shown nightly at Peabody Stadium through the cooperation of the city, which furnishes the band, and a local theater. All organizations concerned in any way with recreation met on July 12 to discuss plans for the summer and early fall so that entertainment may be provided for all classes in all parts of the city with the most economical expenditure of money and effort. The Recreation Center provided for an immediate increase in the number of summer playgrounds for children. Community sings are being held weekly—with a special one for the Spanish-speaking population. The Horse Show and Regatta are being planned as usual. And so the story of the courage and optimism of the people could be extended indefinitely.

AS soon as men met on the street after the shock they began to plan for the rebuilding of a more beautiful and more enduring Santa Barbara. A very large part of the buildings seriously damaged were old and out-of-date, though they stood on valuable land. The County Court House and jail had long been outgrown. The Community Arts Association and those who cooperate with it have for four years been preaching insistently the gospel of architectural unity and fitness. As if to prove the practical as well as the esthetic values of the indigenous California architecture the buildings planned to conform with it remained intact—an unanswerable argument in favor of the extension throughout the business district of a mode of building which will make Santa Barbara unique on this continent.

This colorful sidewalk cafe was set up in time to serve an early lunch on the day of the earthquake, just beneath the towering stage-house of the Lobero Theater, the Community Arts Playhouse. The lawns of the building accommodated three banks, several lawyers' offices, photographers, and a Chinese shelter

The Recreation Center functioned normally after the earthquake and took on extraordinary service too, serving as bank quarters for a time, as headquarters for the motor corps, social workers' conferences and a registration booth. Every bank reported largely increased deposits in the week just after the disaster

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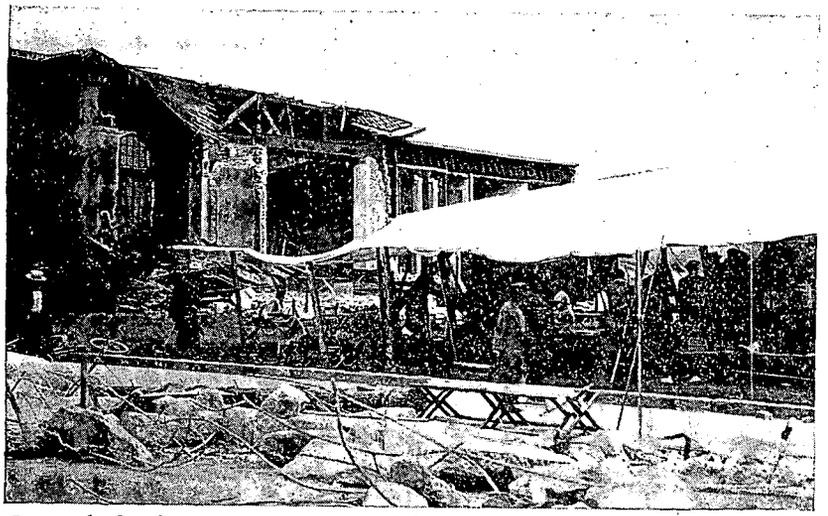


One of the five canteens manned by volunteers from the local chapter of the Red Cross which fed workers, patrols and civilians for several days. The public library, to the left of the tent, was damaged on its west side, but books, records and furnishings came through unhurt

An observant visitor who had renewed his acquaintance with Santa Barbara a few weeks earlier wrote just after the earthquake:

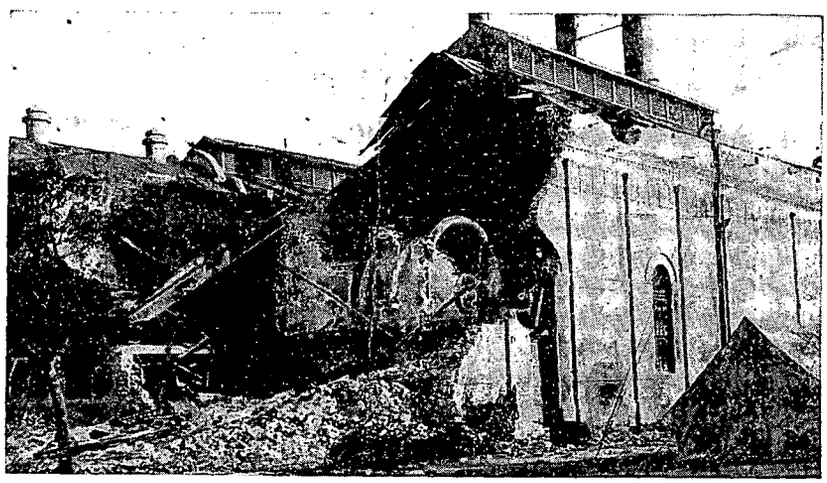
Whenever I went up your old State Street I swore inwardly to myself. It was no different from a thousand Main Streets in a thousand American towns—all ugly and without distinction, compared say, to the North Italian cities. And yet, here was a setting of hills and seas such as few spots on the earth could match. Here was the old Mission with its echoes of Spanish and Indian architecture. You could build a main street which had this distinction and it would not only make Santa Barbara charming and consistent, but it would prove a civic asset as real as your mountains and your rose gardens and your climate.

Nevertheless, here was that uncompromising mile of commercial buildings, for the most part lacking beauty, and as a whole lacking unity. How could they ever be budged?

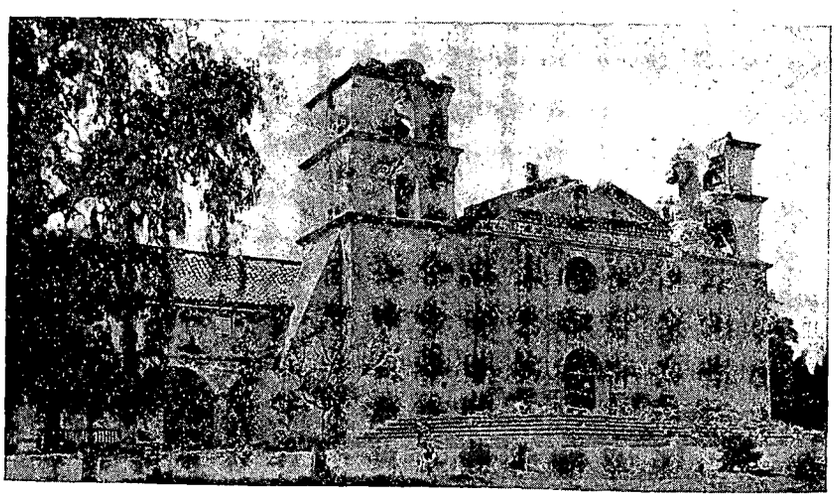
Well, according to the news dispatches, they have been budged—and nature has done in a night what people might have taken fifty years to come to. And now comes the genuine test of Santa Barbara. Will she go the way of all flesh—of San Francisco—and patch up, rebuild, put up flimsy makeshifts for a while and then rebuild as like as two peas to what she was before? Or is it possible to muster the forces organized in the Community Arts in a concerted effort to show what an American community can do in mastering and shaping its own environment?

It is too soon to say how far Santa Barbara can and will capture these opportunities. But every effort is being made to bring to bear on the rebuilding of the city the spirit of unity and creative freedom which has been maturing so notably in the past years. The City Planning Commission has been given authority to employ experts to guide the whole task. The City Council has appointed a Board of Review, three architects and two laymen, to cooperate with the Building Department set up recently under a new building ordinance. The Community Arts Association and its Plans Committee have offered their services and those of their advisory group. Every day meetings of citizens and officials have been held to plan an effective method for the development of the business district along unified lines. The generous attitude of the state's financiers as expressed through the California Development Board assures our rebuilding a finely designed and constructed city.

The people of Santa Barbara are more grateful than they can express for the innumerable evidences of sympathy and help. They rejoice that the damage done and their need is no greater. They are throwing themselves into the task of remaking a city which will be expressive of its fine traditions and in harmony with its wonderful natural setting of hills and sea. They are mustering their forces in a concerted effort to "show what an American community can do in mastering and shaping its own life and environment."



The electric power plant. While these walls were falling, the engineer on duty turned off every switch and, with a similarly alert worker at the gas plants who closed the mains, helped to save the city from a disastrous fire



The old mission, beloved of tourists, suffered only partially. It gives the cue for Santa Barbara architecture, and community leaders are urging that in rebuilding the business part of the city indigenous models be followed closely enough to give unity and distinction to the whole town. Even newspaper streamers point the moral: "If we stick to the Spanish in rebuilding, we'll make Santa Barbara world famous." An advisory Board of Review is seeking to promote harmony in the new buildings

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The Great Obsession

By ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

IN Harper's Monthly Magazine for July, Elton Mayo, research associate in industrial and clinical psychology at the Wharton School of Commerce and Finance, University of Pennsylvania, psychoanalyses what he calls The Great Stupidity, vernacular for the Great Obsession, which, in the guise of the Class War between Capital and Labor, bedevils our industrial civilization. In this era of rollicking prosperity, these halcyon days of industrial peace, we in America seem to be taking it for granted that within our happy boundaries the malady of industrial unrest, once the occasion for hysterical alarms, has gone the way of malaria and yellow fever. In spite of the rumblings in the coal fields, in spite of the hepatic depression in the textile industry, in spite of jurisdictional disputes in the building trades where fevered discord between the plasterers and the bricklayers gives a tubercular tinge to contracts appraised in the millions, we are cheerfully disposed to think of the more malignant phases of industrial unrest as peculiar to the sick civilizations of Europe and the far East. Who among us has not felt the lotophagic appeal of that benign illusion? So pleasant are its accompanying daydreams that we resent the intrusion even of such great authorities as Mayo cites—biologists, psychologists, economists, historians, political and social philosophers—who, harboring a pessimistic view of the state of our civilization, warn us that there are forces at work among us, feuds, factions, divisions, which are as "the mists of death," symptoms of the "first stages of collapse." Of these, one of the most menacing, they conceive, is the warfare between Capital and Labor, "sometimes active, sometimes passive, but always menacing," child of the Great Stupidity, nursling of the Great Obsession.

Civilizations, like individuals, have their pessimistic reveries, breeders of discord, destroyers of internal harmony. Mayo quotes Machiavelli on the dangers that beset republics as a corrective of our too ready acquiesence in Rousseau's "pious hope that desires and impulses inimical to the general welfare will somehow cancel one another in general discussion or general assembly." Machiavelli, he thinks, is a robuster and wiser counsellor. "Those people," wrote the Florentine sage in the sixteenth century, "who expect a republic to remain without divisions deceive themselves very much; but it is also true that while some injure a republic, others do not. The divisions which injure are those accompanied by factions and feuds, whilst those which do not cause factions or feuds are a benefit to a republic."

In Australia since 1893 the division between Capital nd Labor has acquired the morbid quality of factions and feuds. There the industrial issue has been generalized as a political issue. Strikes are more frequent then ever before in spite of the statutory courts of arbitration. He continues:

> Obsessions are fostered and strengthened by every political event. One of the greatest industrial upheavals of recent years, the Sydney railway strike of August 1917, was mainly caused by the workers' unreasoning terror of the mere word "Taylorism." The Railway Commissioners attempted to introduce a card system of recording work, with a view to accurate measurement of cost. The trade-unions and the Labor Press stigmatized this as an attempt to introduce the "Taylor System" into the workshops. The Railway Commissioners, instead of dealing with the human situation, tried to meet fear with force; they ordered the introduction of the card system. The railway and tramway men at once came out on strike; a few days later coal miners, seamen, wharf laborers, gas workers, butchers, and many other unions ceased work. In some degree the strike spread through all the states of the Australian Commonwealth. This is no solitary instance.

Great Britain seems to be traveling the same road—"the same calamitous road." In the United States, owing to the absence of "class consciousness," the situation, superficially viewed, seems altogether different. Many foreign observers, Australians, Englishmen, Germans, and especially Russians, prophecy that the difference is only one of retarded development, that we too are predestined to travel the same road. The spirit of warfare, they think, has been bred in our bones by ages of the struggle to live until it has become instinctive. There is an inherent economic conflict between the major industrial groups which can only be resolved, they say, by fighting it out. Mayo cites the case of "an otherwise intelligent employer who refused to grant a concession recommended by his executive on the ground that a union in another factory had made a similar request. He did not wish to institute an obviously necessary reform because it was irrationally confused with unionism in his mind." This also is not a solitary instance. Neither American employers nor American laborers are free from the biases, fears, obsessions that dance a mad accompaniment to the warlike spirit when it is aroused, and strive to awaken it with tom-tom rhythms when it sleeps. But they are nevertheless comparatively free, still so comparatively free that Mayo thinks we may detour the "calamitous road" if we bring to bear upon our situation the analytical and generalizing mind and canalize our latent feuds and factions by inducing employers to deal intelligently with their employees.

How is this to be done?

> If the virtual class-war which obtains in British communities is to be avoided [says Mr. Mayo] it can be avoided only by anticipating the unionization of industry, by making it unnecessary. The first step should be a clear definition of the conditions of the open shop by some association of intelligent employers. . . . The second step is even more important. An open-shop policy based on the private opinions and prepossessions of a few employers is utterly valueless. What the social situation is in its broader aspects can be discovered only by adequate investigation. Such investigation, like any other, requires experts—in this instance, experts in human research.

NO one has penetrated closer to the center of the industrial conflict than Mr. Mayo, no one has more luminously defined its character. The psychological technique of which he is master is as indispensable to the development of a science of human relations in industry as the earlier technique of Frederick W. Taylor has proved

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to be in the development of the science and art of administration and management. Now it is probable that no one thing has so greatly retarded the indispensable progress of Taylor's scientific technique as the quite unnecessary affront to organized labor and the trade unions which accompanied its early development. Taylor, too, believed that by the intelligent use of the science of management, employers and employers' associations could anticipate the unionization of industry by making it unnecessary. Copley, his biographer, voices the opinion "that if Taylor had lived to witness the change in the attitude of many labor leaders since the World War, he would have modified his own attitude towards trade unions."

It would be a tragedy of the first order if a repetition of Taylor's failure rightly to appraise the viability and functional significance of the trades-unions should similarly bedevil the introduction of the indispensable technique of modern clinical psychology into the field of industrial relations.

Instead of laying The Great Obsession, the remedy which Mr. Mayo suggests is preeminently calculated to foster and exacerbate it. His proposal in itself might not unreasonably be construed as a concession to that very obsession against trade unions which he deprecates. The danger of such a tragedy is the greater, not only because Mr. Mayo's work has been widely recognized as having much of the pioneering quality of Taylor's, but also because he is research associate at the University of Pennsylvania by virtue of a grant from one of the Rockefeller funds—a fact which in itself is likely to awaken unreasoning prejudice, especially among labor leaders, who are unfamiliar with the policy of scrupulous regard for the scientific detachment and independence of investigators which characterizes the administration of the various Rockefeller educational and scientific foundations.

THERE is a certain dramatic quality in the circumstance that Mr. Mayo's article appeared immediately after, and indeed was written a few months before a historically significant meeting of the Taylor Society in New York in which disciples of Taylor and representatives of the trade unions joined in removing the Great Obsession from the path of creative cooperation between management and organized labor.

Class war, like war between the nations, may be inevitable. It may be implicit in our present industrial system. It may be inherent in the constitution of human nature. But to drift along on this fatalistic assumption would be to surrender one's faith in the capacity of men to shape their destiny in the light of intelligence, one's faith in the pragmatic reality of science and the healing efficiency of the scientific method when applied to the ordering of human affairs. To disregard the divergence of economic interest between owners and wage-workers, to play the ostrich with respect to the elements of class warfare that dart like summer lightning through our American industrial and economic life, is as great a stupidity as the jehovah complex of the hard-boiled industrial autocrat or of the radical who dreams of himself as riding the revolutionary whirlwind. But when we have recognized the existence of the problem, the question arises here as it does in international relations, whether we shall spend our energies girding ourselves for battle, or whether we shall subject the problem to intelligent and objective scrutiny, bring the method of science to bear upon it, and seek the basis for a concert of classes, as of nations, grounded in reason, justice and goodwill. This is what the more thoughtful followers of Taylor, members of the society which bears his name, to whom science is not a catch-word but the breath of life and the hope of peaceful progress, have during recent years, under the leadership of their managing director, Harlow S. Person, been attempting to do.

WHAT is the point of effective concert between Capital and Labor, between management and men? What is the channel of creative cooperation through which the latent division between them, instead of festering into factions and feuds, can be turned to the benefit of the republic? Mayo's conclusion that the happy future of American industry "would seem to depend upon the intelligence of employers and employers' associations" in "anticipating the unionization of industry, by making it unnecessary" seems to me without scientific warrant, a psychologically unsound concession to the still dominant temper of American, and especially pioneering American, public opinion. The same logic, the same inherent functional urge that produces employers' associations, have produced and will continue to produce associations of wage-workers. To ignore this is to fail to take account of all the elements in the total situation.

Employers' associations, like trade unions, are by origin and current policy militant organizations. The same is true of nations. But peace and creative cooperation between two nations is not likely to come about by the adoption by one nation of a policy designed to eliminate the other. If we make our approach to the problem of industrial peace by urging one of the major parties to industry to adopt a policy designed to do away with the self-governing associations of the other, we shall but pour oil on the fires of obsessional irrationality. There are conflicts of interest between them. There are also common interests. The most obvious of these is the elimination of waste through efficient production.

The key to the problem is the objective science of management, where that science concerns itself not only with things, but also with men. The engineering technician holds the key. It is through him that a circular response may be set up between the two parties through which they will achieve, not the elimination of one by the other, or the adjustment of one to the other, but an integration which will yield what Mary Follett calls "the plus values of conflict."

ONE could feel these plus values emerging at the historic meeting of the Taylor Society to which I have referred. The discussion was opened by Geoffrey C. Brown, consulting industrial engineer, with a paper on Scientific Management and Organized Labor Today—An Example of Cooperation Between Management and Organized Labor Which Indicates One Direction of Industrial Progress. The speaker was obviously conscious of a certain temerity in what he was about to say. He was uncomfortably aware of the ambiency of the Great Obsession—on the part of scientific management employers against the trade unions, on the part of trade union leaders against "Taylorism." In a foot-note to his rangy title, he hastened to explain that by "scientific management" he did not intend to imply any particular system or group of functions, but rather management conducted in the light of

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scientific inquiry and knowledge, "management based on facts."

He began by taking note of the accumulating evidence that organized labor is withdrawing from its old attitude of hostility to the introduction of scientific methods into industry. Then he made a statement which hardly ten years ago would have made many of his professional colleagues bristle. Coming from a disciple of Taylor, proclaimed in a meeting of the Taylor Society, it made many of those who heard it sit up and take notice.

> I believe [he said] that those managers are most progressive who now concede the right of labor to organize and to bargain collectively through accredited representatives on questions of wages, hours of work and working conditions. Not to concede this right is, if we reverse the situation, similar to, and about as logical as a refusal on the part of labor to negotiate with management, the accredited agent of an organized group of investors. But if this bargaining or arrangement of terms is to be conducted intelligently and with, as it were, all the cards on the table, labor must comprehend the aims and to a considerable degree the technique of management, while management, in its turn, must be equally alive and sympathetic to the spirit of the labor movement. Otherwise the two are working at cross purposes and any attempt at bargaining degenerates into an effort on the part of each to hoodwink the other.

As an abstract statement, this might have been interpreted by the skeptical as a pious and conciliatory platitude; as a conclusion derived from experience in wrestling with the Great Obsession it acquired the freshness of a new day.

There is probably no group in the industrial world that has been more constant and courageous in devotion to science in management than these disciples of Taylor. They have followed the Great Obsession to its lair; there was a time when they were more or less under its domination; they have wrestled with it; they are well on the way to its mastery. Mr. Brown gave reports of his encounters with the black-winged Apollyon.

In the autumn of 1923, for example, he was called into consultation by the owners of a small New York factory, dedicated to the manufacture of mirrors. He found conditions there which those who have explored American factories of the old individualistic tradition generally expect to find—no adequate stores-keeping, no method of scheduling orders in advance in relation to the plant's manufacturing facilities, no vestige of a cost system. If the owners of such plants found their kitchens in such a state of general confusion and clutter, they would berate their wives for thriftless slatternliness. Such employers hate to have their habits disturbed. They know their business. They have gotten along well enough for years. They are practical men. Why should they change? When business falls off and they lose money, the fault is not with them but with the ruthlessness of their competitors, the selfishness of the money lenders, with the irrational caprices of nature, especially human nature. Under pressure of adversity they lay off men with little or no notice, cut wages, lengthen hours. Then the walking delegate stalks in upon them—and suddenly becomes the symbol of all the evils by which they are beset. Words are exchanged, the sound of the tom-tom beats through their subconscious memories. Presently both sides act under the irrational influence of the Great Obsession.

This was the situation in Mr. Brown's mirror factory. The problem, as he explained, would not have presented extraordinary difficulties if it had consisted merely in affecting a physical reorganization of the business. It was this psychological obstacle, the emergence of the Great Obsession, that made the path of the investigating engineer a hard and dangerous one to travel. The workmen in this open shop were strongly organized in a trade union affiliated with the A. F. of L. There the union was, as a matter of fact, though the management refused to recognize it. Three times in ten years the plant had been brought to a standstill by strikes. But rather than enter into cooperative relationship with the union, "the management had grown so accustomed to this expensive type of interruption that they frequently referred to it as an unfortunate but inevitable condition of manufacture."

The workers as trade unionists were in a similar state of irrational opposition to change. Anything suggesting "Taylorism" was taboo—immediately evoked the Great Obsession. After Mr. Brown had succeeded in inducing the employers to install a modern cost system, he attempted to introduce a system of scheduling orders in advance through the factory, so that work could be systematized and the machines could be uncluttered. Of course no such system could be made to work effectively until the standard time and cost of each operation had been determined. The workers, too, were creatures of habit. They wanted to be left alone to do their work as they always had done it. They, too, were practical men. If one of these outside experts said that they were doing their work wastefully and inefficiently—well, he was simply a theorist, who would be better off, perhaps, for a little practical experience. But the plant could not be saved from bankruptcy without the accurate determination of the standard-output capacity of each manufacturing operation. This involved time study, and to the ordinary workman time study is "Taylorism," and that is taboo.

Mr. Brown's initial attempts in this direction caused an incipient strike. Under ordinary conditions, this threat of strike would have provoked a lockout; rather than have the union "dictate" to him, the employer would have preferred to shut down the factory, even to liquidate his business. But a consulting engineer had been hired and the problem was turned over to him.

> As an initial step [said Mr. Brown] the shop steward, who happened to be one of the foremen, was summoned to a conference during the course of which I carefully explained to him the nature and purpose of the methods still to be installed; gave him every assurance of good faith in regard to amendments of the existing agreement relative to wages, hours, conditions, etc., and then formally invited cooperation from the union in the conduct of whatever steps were necessary to complete the remaining steps of the reorganization. After manifesting some distrust and raising a few objections—which were, fortunately, smoothed out—he seemed to feel the sincerity of the invitation. Before the conference ended, I had his promise to bring the matter up for discussion at the next regular meeting of the Local, and to apprise me quickly of the result.

The shop steward made good. He did present the expert's proposal to the members of the local union. But the Great Obsession was there to devil them. They divided into two factions, one in favor, the other vehemently opposed to "Taylorism." Significantly, however, the president and secretary of the Local were in favor of experimenting with scientific methods.

> On the following day [Mr. Brown continued] I received a visit from the Walking Delegate who, it quickly transpired, was most decidedly of the dissenting faction. He proved to be an agreeable chap, well informed on the labor question, and, I might add, on industrial economics, and very positive in his

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conviction that it would be contrary to the very essence of trade unionism to accord the desired cooperation. For three hours we debated the pros and cons of scientific management from the union standpoint, and during this period my adversary, in support of his position, advanced most of Professor Hoxie's analysis. Scientific management would, he said, eventually destroy trade unionism by minute specialization of workmen and consequent destruction of crafts. Experience had shown, moreover, that it tended to drive workmen out of the union, and from this standpoint could operate only to the disadvantage of labor. He held to this point of view despite every argument, and did not seem at all impressed by the oft-repeated declaration that there would be no interference with the union agreement on wages, hours and conditions. He finally departed, giving me a farewell assurance that when the matter again came up at the next meeting, he would strive to the uttermost to defeat any favorable action on the part of the Local.

But conference, discussion, patent open-mindedness finally prevailed. The decisive voice, uttered through the consulting engineer, was that of George W. Perkins, president of the Cigar Makers' International Union, which for many years had valiantly resisted the introduction of improved machinery and scientific methods of production. "No power on earth," wrote Mr. Perkins in his 1923 report to his union, "can stop the at least gradual introduction and use of improved machinery and progressive methods of production. Any effort in that direction will react against those who attempt it. Our own condition proves that our efforts at restriction were futile and ineffective and injurious. Without any exception, any organization since the beginning of the factory system that has attempted to restrict the use of improved methods of production has met with defeat."

This statement by one of their own leaders won the day with the faction opposed to cooperation. Before the end of the week the Local almost unanimously voted to extend full cooperation and instructed the shop steward to accompany the time-study man into the shop and personally to enlist the interest of the working force by putting the stamp of the union's approval upon the investigation, which continued for two years and which led Mr. Brown to the conclusion that "the most important single gain lay in the establishment of a *spirit* of cooperation and what might be termed *sane* relations between management and union." Where such sanity enters in, the Great Obsession flies out through the door.

THIS record is an interesting sign of the times. Quite as interesting was the response of the members of the Taylor Society and of the old line trade unionists. In the discussion which followed Mr. Brown's paper, a number of management engineers bore similar testimony. Robert B. Wolf, whose achievement in modernizing both production processes and industrial relations in the paper industry are widely known, spoke as one who had also "demonstrated that organized labor is willing, and even anxious, to cooperate with management, provided that management is truly scientific"—provided, that is, that both labor and management are willing to take account of all the elements in their total situation. Hugh Frayne, general organizer of the American Federation of Labor, congratulated the Taylor Society on their courage and vision in inviting Mr. Brown to report his conclusions. "The development of cooperation," he said, "between management and the labor movement for the elimination of industrial waste will develop automatically a mighty agency for the elimination of industrial conflict." The spirit of the discussion led someone to recall that in an address before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers on November 5, 1920, Samuel Gompers had urged the engineers to join hands with the workmen, "both devoting their energies to one cause, namely, the development of a kind of industry and a kind of work in which the men will learn the processes of production and each day will have increasing opportunities to develop those human functions which are essentially intelligent."

In advance of the meeting Mr. Brown had submitted to the president or general secretary of fifteen of the largest trade unions in the American Federation of Labor, the question: "Taking for granted the principle of collective bargaining and the careful maintainance of existing agreements between employer and union, do you favor close cooperation between organized labor and management in maintaining efficient methods of production, and in eliminating industrial waste?" The replies were unanimously in the affirmative.

In summarizing the discussion, John A. Fitch, formerly industrial editor of The Survey, commented upon the significant development of open-mindedness and capacity for readjustment in the membership both of the Taylor Society and of the trade unions. He recalled the hostile reception given to the late Robert G. Valentine when at a meeting of the Taylor Society held in 1915, that pioneer in industrial psychology urged that science in management should be introduced into industry not by force but by consent. He pointed out that the unions which formerly had centered all their efforts on distribution and had taken no responsibility for production were coming to see that they cannot have the one without the other; that it is the machinist union, which fought Frederick W. Taylor as no other union did, which now has its own consulting engineer to advise on matters of shop efficiency. "This new attitude," he said, "does not by any means offer a solution of the labor problem, but it is, to my mind, a social and industrial phenomenon of the utmost importance and one that more than any other single thing holds promise of a new constructive era in industrial relations based upon principles that are both economically and ethically sound."

THE management engineers are proving that they are practical psychologists as well as masters of materials and machines. But as psychologists they are not experts. Their work needs to be supplemented by the special knowledge and technique in the development of which a small handful of men, among whom Elton Mayo is preeminent, are doing work of as great pioneering importance as that of Taylor himself. It would be a very great tragedy if in the light of the experience of the disciples of Taylor the industrial psychologists should reopen the old breach between the technicians and organized labor. It would be a blessed assurance of industrial peace and sane industrial progress if the industrial psychologists now joined with the specialists in the art and science of management in establishing a circular response between employers and trade unionists through which factions and feuds would be averted, the Great Obsession would be laid, and the conflict between them would be made to yield plus rather than minus values. Is not this the true mission of the technical experts, the trail-blazers and protagonists of the scientific spirit in industry and society?

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Photograph by Frank Smith, Cleveland

Judge Allen of Ohio—the first woman to be elected to the bench of a state court of last resort—knows the law, and loves peace.

Here, with legal precision, she traces the reasons for the outlawry of war and points out its possible revolutionary effects.

If War Were a Crime

By FLORENCE E. ALLEN

OUTLAWRY of war is not only the ideal for whose attainment we must strive but it is a practical and indispensable part of the machinery necessary to establish a warless world.

Almost every one who gives thought to the problem of establishing world peace wishes war to be outlawed; that is, he wishes the nation which makes war to be treated as an outlaw, and he wishes war to be abolished by being banned among the civilized nations.

In distinction to this public desire that war "be outlawed," outlawry of war as a definite proposal pending before the American people comprises several well-defined propositions, which are as follows:

(1) The further use of war as an institution for the settlement of international disputes shall be abolished.
(2) War between nations shall be declared to be a public crime under the law of nations, but the right of defense against actual invasion shall not be impaired.
(3) All annexations, seizures, or exactions by force, duress or fraud, shall be null and void.
(4) The international laws of peace shall be based upon equality and justice between nations.

Viewed from this standpoint outlawry of war is not merely a consummation devoutly to be wished for; it is not merely the end toward which we look. It is the most practical means by which peace can be obtained. It is practicable in enactment and indispensable in establishing world peace, because—

(1) The enactment of outlawry can be made in a number of feasible ways;
(2) We cannot stop war so long as we sanction its use in the settlement of international disputes.
(3) Measures against war must be enforced mainly by public opinion and we cannot build up public opinion against the use of war so long as we sanction it.

Outlawry of war could be enacted by the Pan-American Union for the nations which compose that body or by the League of Nations for the members of the League; it could be enacted in conference such as the Disarmament Conference held at Washington; it could be enacted in separate treaties offered by the United States to the various individual nations of the world. So far no measure of outlawry has been enacted into law, although certain proposals such as the Borah resolution pending in the Senate, the Protocol offered at Geneva, and the Projects submitted by the American Institute of International Law upon March 2, 1925, to the Pan-American Union embody in varying degrees certain measures of outlawry of war.

We cannot stop war so long as we sanction its use. If for example the state of New York or the state of Ohio had perfect courts and had developed an admirably functioning state government, they could not repress the crimes of murder, arson or burglary unless those crimes

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had been put under the ban by being declared illegal. We could not stop murder if we sanctioned it by not declaring it a crime. The first step in the enforcement of law against crime is to declare the law. This is true of the abolition of war. Even if the world had courts endowed with all the highest attributes of perfectly functioning courts and had developed an admirably working international government, it could not repress war unless the use of war in settling international controversy had been declared illegal.

Advocates of the outlawry of war agree that other practical steps must be taken. There must be permanent machinery continuously operating in order to attain world peace. There must be a world court with jurisdiction and power to adjudicate controversies between nations. But neither the court nor any other international machinery can function actually to prevent war in the same way that courts between individuals function to prevent crime, so long as the nations have not as yet repudiated the use of war in international controversy.

This proposition is sometimes attacked upon the ground that the plan of outlawing war is fallacious because it centers its faith principally in the passing of a law. It is futile, say the opponents of the measure, to try to abolish the institution of war by simply making a law against it. As I have stated above, advocates of the outlawry of war do not generally stop with the proposition that the further use of war as a means of settling international disputes be declared abolished. They believe in substituting a court of adjudication for the arbitrament of arms. Passing a law against murder will not automatically do away with murder, but we cannot repress murder without such a law; no court can punish murder without a law against murder to administer. Passing a law against war will not automatically abolish war, but until we declare in law—"Thou shalt not war," we shall not be able to abolish the use of armed force between the nations.

The comparison which is made by the opponents of outlawry between the passing of certain futile legislation—such as laws regulating card-playing on trains, or fixing the length of hat pins—and the proposition to enact moral law into an international code between the nations is extremely misleading. Such laws involve what are called *mala prohibita,* not *mala in se.* War involves acts which are *mala in se*—acts which have been declared illegal since the founding of law between individuals of civilized nations. War involves trespass upon property, destruction of property, robbery, arson, burglary, and the wholesale taking of life. All of these acts when done by individuals are branded as crimes in the fundamental codes of the world. The hatpin and the card laws are foolish because they try to regulate actions not the proper subject of sound law, actions not in themselves involving danger to the community. Hence the moral sense of the community cannot be rallied to support the enforcement of such law.

War, on the contrary, involves acts universally recognized as the subject of sound legislation, acts against which, when done by individuals, an overwhelming degree of public sentiment already exists. The making of war inevitably involves the taking of human lives, and the taking of human life by individuals is recognized generally as the supreme crime. It is not necessary to build up public opinion against murder; that opinion already exists. It is only necessary to apply the law against murder to nations as well as to individuals, and public sentiment against the deliberate murder involved in aggressive war will be readily created.

If it is a fallacy, in brief, to try to abolish war by "making a law against it," then it is a fallacy to try to abolish killing by making a law against it. But this is not an American fallacy; it is common to the civilized communities of the world, which have definitely with one accord made the taking of life the highest known crime. The criticism which attaches to the enactment of crude and undigested legislation unsupported by the community and dealing with acts which are not the proper subject of law does not attach to the proposition to outlaw war, for the two situations are not in the least comparable.

Outlawry of war is practical and indispensable in enforcing measures against war, moreover, because such measures must be enforced mainly by public opinion. All laws are enforced mainly by public opinion. It is true that the mere declaration of a law does not always secure its enforcement when the support of the public is lacking. But in the building of public opinion the declaration of the law is of the utmost importance. The mere publicity engendered by the declaration of moral principle as law is a great asset in enforcement of the law. Moreover the declaration of the law adds the strength of the opinion which believes in keeping the law because it *is* the law to the public opinion which understands and upholds the moral principle of the law as such.

The declaration of law against duelling, for instance, cannot be lightly dismissed as of no value in the elimination of duelling; the laws enacted by church and state against the duel over a period of centuries helped to establish the public opinion which, together with the law, finally eliminated it.

The public opinion of the nations, moreover, cannot be aroused to enforce a law against war while war is still a sanctioned institution, for when war is declared, no matter how indefensible, aggressive and deliberate, the members of the nation which makes war become criminals if they oppose it. Suppose, for example, the United States were to declare war against Canada without having suffered invasion or the slightest attack at the hands of Canada. Those who opposed the war, after Congress had declared it, would be criminals. But if the United States had declared it to be its solemn policy never to enter upon aggressive war, those who opposed such a war, instead of being criminals, would be maintaining the solemn declaration of faith made by the nation.

In other words, if the ban were placed upon the use of war in settling international controversy the "militarists" who might endeavor to force a nation into a war would be the criminals instead of those who oppose the use of aggressive violence among nations. Until governments are placed on record as having solemnly abjured the use of war, it will be impossible to build up to its highest potentiality public opinion against war.

Every supporter of the League of Nations, in this view of the situation, should favor the movement for the outlawry of war because the League will have incomparably greater strength for the prevention of war when the sanction is taken away from war. Every opponent of the League who sincerely desires peace should likewise favor outlawry of war because whatever machinery is used, whatever peace plan is adopted, it must be based upon the proposition that the use of mass killing and group violence to settle international controversy is banned by the civilized world.

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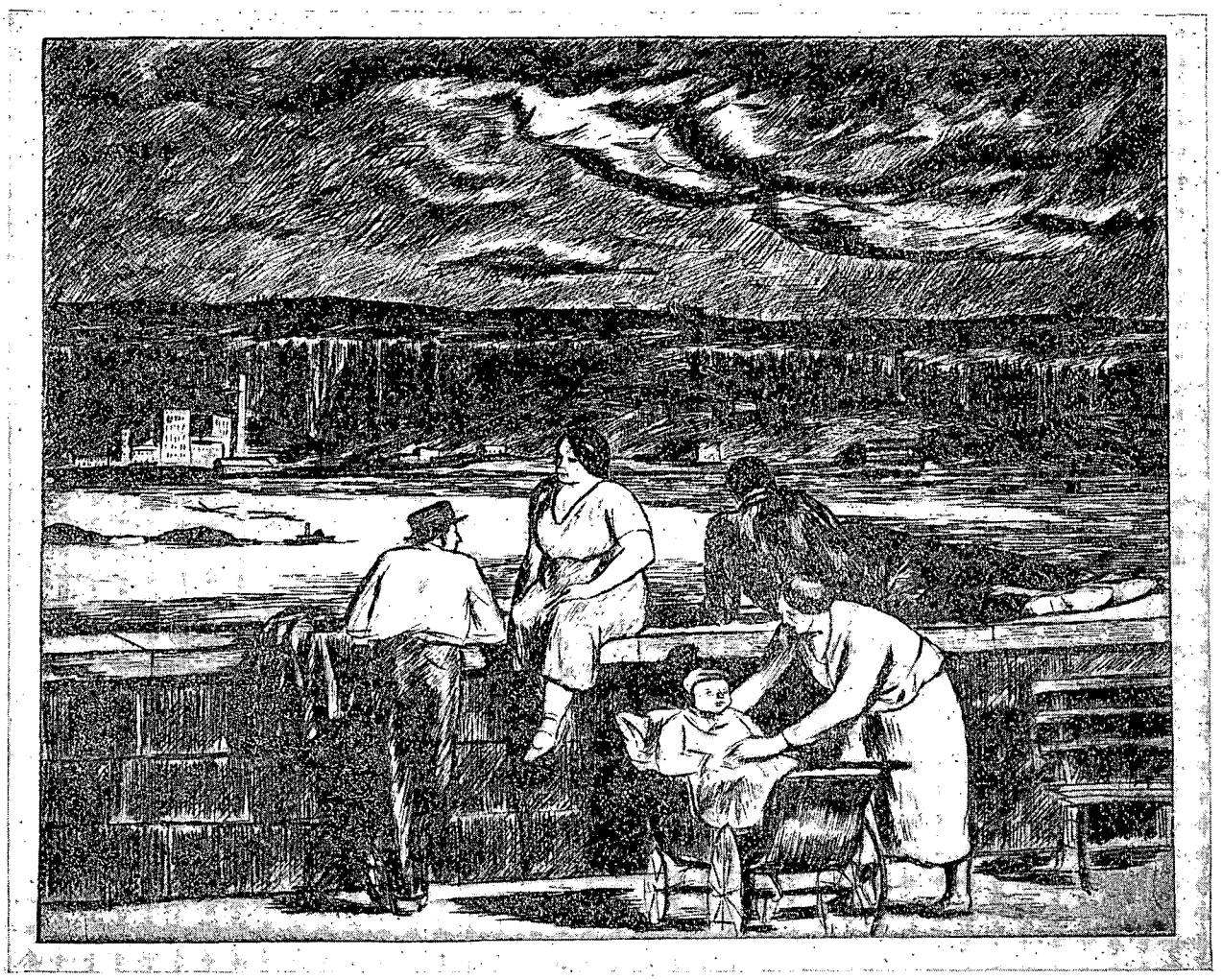

After Hours

Original Etchings by HARRY WICKEY

HERE are impressions of workaday men and women in hours of relaxation. Here are romping children, and young men at play. New York parks and play spaces furnished models for these crisp interpretations of life by a young American etcher whose work is already represented in many print collections, both public and private. Midsummer Night is in the permanent collection of the Metropolitan Museum. These etchings are human documents, discerning, somewhat humorous. There is reason to believe that Harry Wickey will continue to grow, in craftsmanship and in human understanding, taking his place among the important contemporary American etchers.

His story is interesting. Mr. Wickey is a young man just turned thirty who, on the day he graduated from the high school of Stryker, Ohio, left home to make his career as an artist. His capital was five dollars; it was sufficient to take him to Detroit where he obtained employment and saved money to go to Chicago—there are fine art schools in that city. He worked on the elevated railroad and drew Chicago types. Then he came to New York where a night job as platform guard in the Union Square subway station left his days free to study drawing and to observe people and things. Presently he was selling illustrations to the magazines. Then he went to war. Upon his return he lost interest in the requirements of popular magazine illustration and has since devoted himself to etching and drypoint. In these he has found a responsive medium for the expression of vitally interesting things about him.

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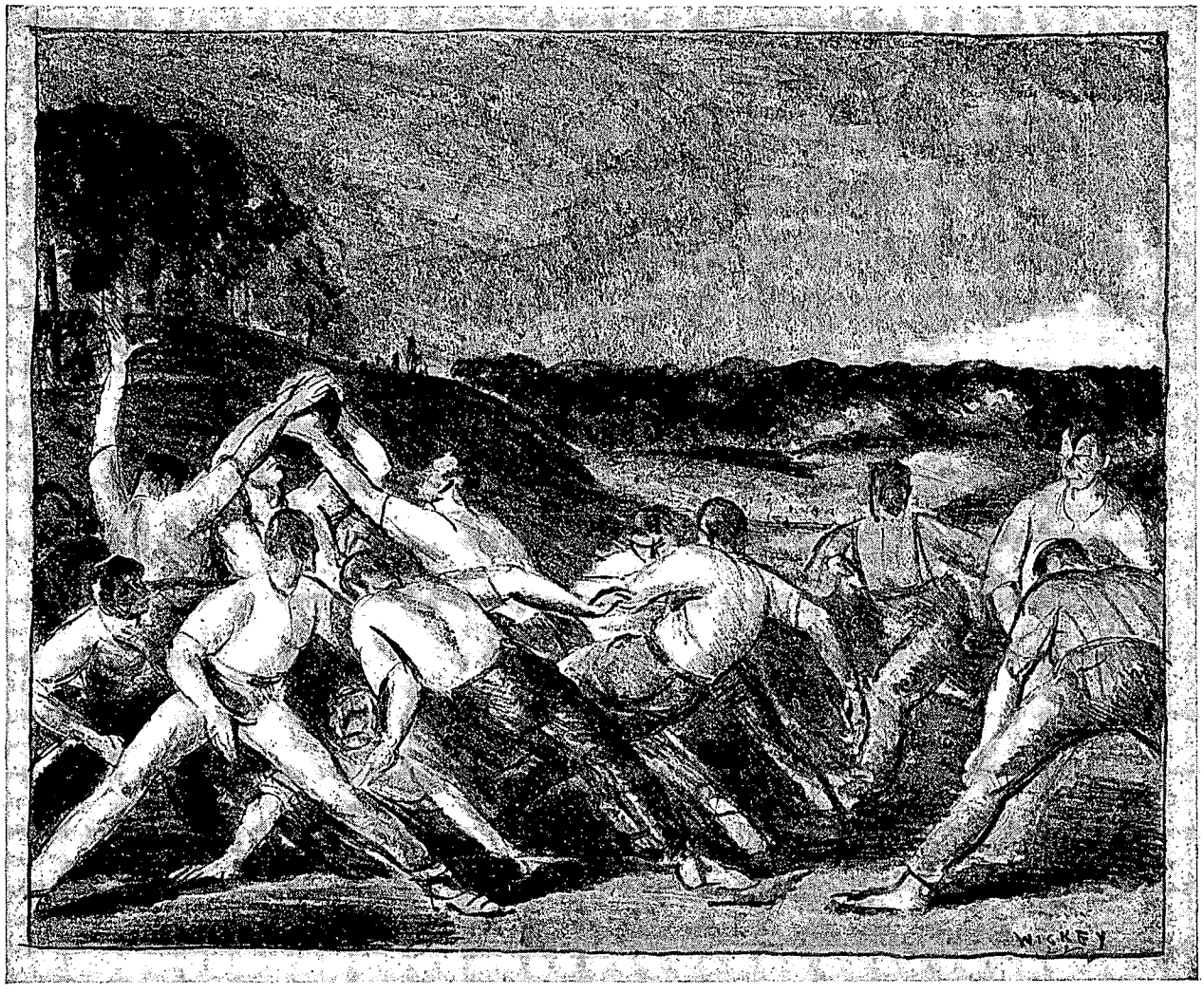

SOCCER

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TRAMPS ASLEEP

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MIDSUMMER NIGHT

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Ketchin' Babies

A Hundred Thousand Births that Need Safe Safeguarding

By SAMUEL McCOY

IN America, babies are *born*. They don't arrive by air, swiftly and painlessly deposited by the benevolent stork of Hans Christian Andersen's country. They are *born*.

Because of this simple fact which thousands of grown women, otherwise intelligent, refuse to accept, thousands of babies in America are dying at the moment of their birth; thousands are dying before they become a year old; thousands are doomed from birth to life-long physical and mental defects; and a hundred thousand American mothers are made each year to suffer agony and even to face death, at childbirth.

Here are two Negro women, wrinkled and gnarled, sitting in the warm sun at the door of a log cabin. A razor-back hog, its lean and hairy flank plastered with the red clay in which it has been wallowing, snuffles and grunts around the dooryard and trots inquisitively into the cabin at times. The two old women calmly puff at their corncob pipes, holding them in almost toothless gums.

They are mumbling pleasantly about a Negro woman they know, who is about to become a mother.

"Yas, she done sont fo' me," says one, "but I sont back wo'd the' wa'nt no call to git ezcited. She's fixin' to git down, the' aint no doubt about dat, an' she's flingin' up, but the moon haint goin' to change fo' anuthuh two weeks. You knows the' haint no baby evah goin' to come befo' a change in de moon."

"Da'ss right," agrees the other lazily. "Whut you-all fixin' t' medicine her with?"

The first refills her pipe leisurely, ramming down the tobacco with wrinkled black fingers greasy with hog-fat and grimed with dirt.

"I ginrully bu'ns feathuhs unduh huh nose, to staht de pains and mek 'em keep up," she says, "an I gives huh good smaht knocks on de back.... But sometimes de pains stop befo' de baby comes, anyways, an' den you jes' gotta know whut to do. Ef it's a niggah woman, I gives huh black pepeh tell she gits de sniffles, but ef it's a white woman I gives huh buttermilk. Den de pains staht right away.

"Taint noways no use to wait fo' de Dawktah. If de woman gits t' screamin' and kickin' 'roun' too much, I jes' ties up dey han's and feet and smacks 'em tell dey lies quiet."

The other echoes assent. "I decla'h," she grunts, " 'seems though dey mek a powehful lot o' mizz'ry dese days! I done had nineteen chillen mahse'f, an' I nevvah had no trouble. In dem days we jes' had chillen like a cow havin' a calf—git down, git up, an' go on.

"I nevvah use' to stay in bed mo' than a day er so, even when I was feelin' po'ly, an' den I jes' slip outten de bed and set on my pad by the fiah from dat mo'nin' tell aftah dinnah, an' den I go 'long about my wu'k de res' of de day. I done all my washin' an' everythin'. I aint nevvah had nobody wash atter me. Biggity young wimmen! Huh!"

Aunt Katie shuffled in from 'way up yander on the Forks

Is the birth of a child under such dangerously insanitary conditions, and with unscientific help for the mother, an occurrence limited to a very few backward and isolated communities in America and therefore of no general interest to women? On the contrary. It is of such general occurrence that it is of vital importance to the whole nation.

Do you imagine that American mothers are generally safer in giving birth to children than those of foreign countries? In 1925 the maternal death rate for the United States was higher than that for every foreign country for which we had statistics, except Chile.

Suspecting that the midwife was more of a factor in this shockingly high maternal death rate than she appeared to be from the number of midwives shown by the Census reports, the United States Children's Bureau at Washington sent out a questionnaire to the various states. It asked how many midwives were authorized to practice; how many others there were, at an average; the percentage of births attended by midwives; and what was being done to teach and supervise them.

The replies showed that instead of the 5,000 midwives in America enumerated by the census for the whole country, there were 45,000 practicing in the 41 states from which information was secured, and probably this number was below the actual total.

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In New Mexico, too, midwives are being taught the new-fangled ways that to some of these ripe old grannies must seem oddly irrelevant to the Indian lore they practice

It was found that midwives were by far the more numerous in the southern states. Thirty thousand, out of the entire 45,000, practiced in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia. Virginia had 6,036 registered midwives, North Carolina 6.500, Mississippi 3,200. In Michigan, Pennsylvania and New York were almost 5000. The remaining 10,000, of the total 45,000, were scattered among 26 states, an average of only 400 to each.

The 45,000 midwives, the country over, attend at least 100,000 American mothers each year. Perhaps 20,000 of these mothers are white women. In one southern state almost three-quarters of the births are attended by midwives.

One midwife described her profession as "ketchin' babies." With what unnecessary suffering and danger to both mother and baby are these 100,000 babies "ketched"!

SO much for a brief summing up of the actual problem, whose extent has been more or less well-known to students of social welfare. But the past two years have ushered in an entirely new plan of campaign. The various allies are brigading together—federal, state, and private bureaus interested in public health. Together these authorities have agreed that the midwife is not to be abolished, but that her unscientific methods are to be abolished. The distinction is of great significance in attacking the problem. The new grand offensive, therefore, is one of education—education of a sort that will make the old-fashioned midwife a new-fashioned one, trained along scientific lines.

This task, with the material which must be instructed, is of course one which calls for the greatest tact and patience and understanding; but that it can be done, with signal success, is exemplified by the story here told, that of the recent campaign in Virginia, the state in which are the greatest number of midwives.

For many years past, Dr. W. A. Plecker, registrar of Vital Statistics of Virginia, has been working hard to bring the midwives in the state to use scientific methods. A law regulating their practice was passed: it provides that no midwife may practice without previously having obtained a permit from the State Registrar; that she must report births within ten days; that she must administer eye-drops to the baby at birth (a regulation now in force in twenty-nine states and widely successful in reducing or eliminating ophthalmia neonatorum); that she must not make internal examinations; and that she must observe the eleven elementary rules of safety which are printed on the back of her registration card. Through letters, visits, and a booklet distributed to the midwives, there has been a noticeable improvement.

The marked step forward came when, since many of the midwives could not read and clung to their old superstitions of treatment, it was found necessary to provide verbal instruction. Then came an offer of aid from the American Child Health Association whose guiding policy is, "Make all American children healthy children, not by curing them after they are sick but by seeing to it that they never become sick." The association sent Dr. Helen Moore to Dr. Plecker as its representative.

There are one hundred counties in Virginia, with an average of sixty midwives to the county. It was decided to take Halifax County for the experiment in the intensive instruction of midwives.

Halifax County is one of the largest in the state. It covers eight hundred miles—almost as many as all of Rhode Island. Its low rolling surface rises towards the distant Blue Ridge Mountains and is dotted with patches of oak and scrub pine. Most of the farm land is used for tobacco raising, with little cotton and grain. The county has a population of about forty thousand, almost equally divided between white and Negro.

There were 191 midwives registered in the county when the courses began, with only eighteen white doctors and three Negro doctors. About 1,600 or 1,700 babies had been born in the county during the year. Midwives delivered 96 white babies and 484 Negro babies; 580, or more than one-third of the total number born.

TO old Aunt Katie, huddled in her Virginia chimney corner in December, came an impressive-looking letter. She couldn't read it, but someone finally spelled it out for her. Aunt Katie is at least seventy-five years old. When someone asked her age, she replied: "I don't know how old I is, honey—dem Yanks done took my age an' all when Marse Lee sorrendered." And yet she had acted as midwife for twenty-five different women within the year. She lives "'way up in the Forks," remote from any town, but she would scorn to summon any doctor even if one were near at hand.

The letter was headed "Commonwealth of Virginia" and bore the seal of the state. "Read out whut it say," commanded Aunt Katie.

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Dear Madam . . . a course of lectures . . . it is very important that every midwife in the country attend all the lectures . . . and you are expected to do that without fail . . . Midwives who do not attend this course and who do not obey the rules on the back of their permits will have their permits taken from them . . . Yours very truly.

Aunt Katie sniffed, scornfully. "Aint goin' to no lecturin'," she declared.

And she didn't—until she heard rumor that those who came were to have their pictures tooken with a real picture-box. Then she came, shuffling down from "'way up in the Forks."

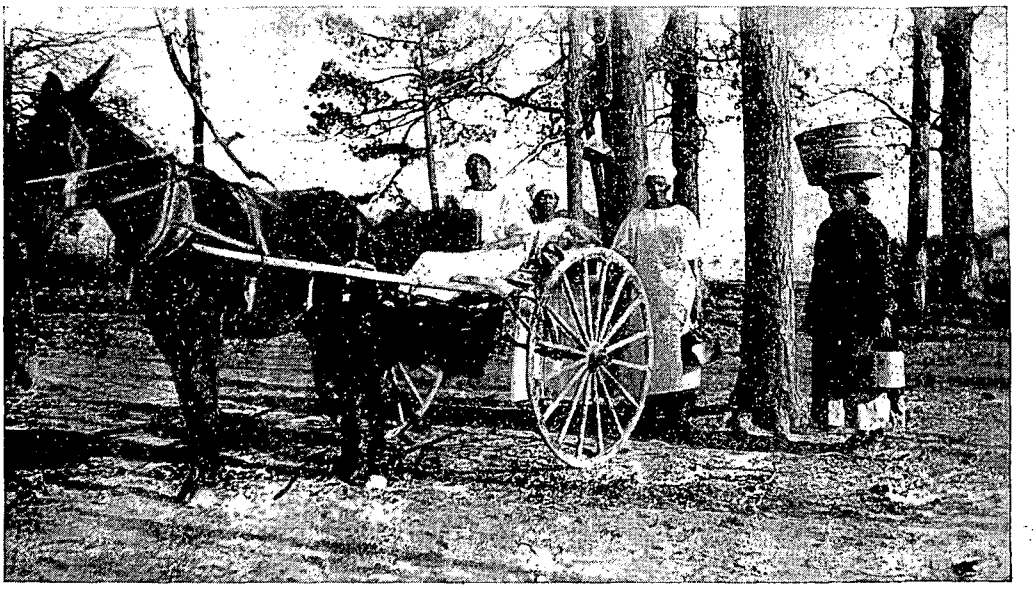
But others did come, without this appeal to their vanity. Classes were established at seventeen different places in the county—such places as Republican Grove Colored School, News Ferry Colored Church, Wesley Chapel Church, White Oak Church, Omega, and Crystal Hill—and went on for eleven weeks. Each place was chosen so that a class might be held within three or four miles of almost every midwife. There is only one hard-surfaced road in the entire county, but others have recently been improved, and, thanks to this improvement and the unusually good weather that winter, the class attendance was uninterrupted

You had to walk for a mile around only one mudhole. . . .

More than one hundred women, of whom only three were white midwives, came to the classes. Aunt Becky, who is sixty-three years old, drove six miles over every day in an open buggy until the temperature hit zero one day and she up and took sick and was flat on her back for e'enamost a month. . . .

Class attendance increased after the first few weeks and some of the women showed considerable anxiety as to their probable fate and left nothing undone in the way of attendance and concentration on the instruction. One, who, like most of them, could not read, memorized from verbal instruction the entire contents of the pamphlet of rules—twelve closely printed pages! The certainty that their permits would be withdrawn if they did not obey their instructions was a very real anxiety to them. They charge from $2 to $10 for assisting at a birth, and even though their patients often put off payment for years at a time, such few dollars as they succeed in collecting mean much.

The usual number attending any one class was three or four. The largest attendance at a single class was nine. Timidly they sat together when they came for the first time, and reluctantly they told of their methods of treatment. Almost invariably they protested that they "didn't give no medicine to nobody," or make internal examinations, knowing that to do so was unlawful for them. To be generous to them, it may be that they performed dangerous versions or examinations only when no doctor could be obtained or when they feared the patient could not live until the doctor could arrive. But, on the other hand, it is possible that they seldom troubled themselves to await such an emergency, and even though the old "Granny"—all Negro midwives in the South are called "Granny"—is given the benefit of the doubt and credited with having done a sensible thing in an emergency, it is nevertheless true that the law today specificially states that no internal examinations are to be made by a midwife, and it is a dangerous thing to admit to the younger, inexperienced midwife that the necessity for making an internal examination ever exists for her.



Aunt Lou (behind the wagon wheel) makes her patient "mad" to start labor pains. "I cain't tell whut I says to 'em, heah befo' you all, but it sure does mek 'em boilin'"

IF the few white women in the classes could be taken as typical of other white midwives, the white midwife is more stubborn, "sot in her ways," less ready to learn than the black woman who often is pathetically eager for instruction. One of the former remarked in class, "I don't believe in a doctor no more 'n I believe in that stove over yander." She then proceeded to describe how she had put cold cloths on a hemorrhage case all through the night, and remained unconvinced, apparently, that any doctor's advice is necessary. But, little by little, the instruction in the classes began to show results. Aunt Mary, seventy years old, to attend one class walked five miles through an icy rain that froze on the trees and grass as it fell. She said that while she was mixing biscuit for breakfast that morning she suddenly thought to herself that she ought to be as cleanly in her cooking as she had been taught in class to be in her care of patients; and she had therefore set out her baking powder, flour and lard all ready for use, as she had been taught to arrange the outfit for her nursing work, and had then scrubbed her hands clean and put on a clean apron!

A little thing? The doctor who heard of it felt a flush of rapture like Balboa gazing for the first time at the Pacific.

Another "granny," Aunt Liza, told what she had done after getting her first call to a case after she had attended some of the classes. She had been saving her money to buy a bag, such as had been recommended in the class for holding the needed apparatus, but she had not yet saved enough. So she lay awake planning what she might scrape

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together as substitutes for the articles prescribed. At last she got up and hunted out two clean towels and a pair of scissors. She had no liquid antiseptic soap, so she got a cake of toilet soap. She had no orange-stick with which to clean her fingers, so she whittled out a sliver of pine. She didn't have a nail-brush to scrub her hands with, but she remembered that her son had a small clothes-brush, so she hunted it up and scalded it clean, boiling the scissors and the pan at the same time, to sterilize them. Then she got the little package of antiseptic tape and cord dressings she had prepared in class and baked it in her oven, as she had been told to do, until its contents were thoroughly sterilized.

It was she who ejaculated in class, when the necessity for keeping the patient's pores open by bathing was being emphasized, "I jes' knows dat's de trufe, 'case I feels so *openated* atter I takes a bath!"

And another, after scrubbing one of her hands with lysol solution for the prescribed five minutes, held up the unscrubbed one and exclaimed: "My, this one feels so *unworthy!*"

They were inventive, too, as their interest grew. One of the younger women came forward with a suggestion for making a baby bed out of materials that any family, no matter how poor, might obtain. It was simply to nail four legs to a wooden soapbox, making it the height of the mother's bed, and making a canopy over it by nailing half a barrel-hoop to each end and stretching mosquito netting over the hoops. The women gloated over it.

Improvement in the treatment of mother and child is bound to result from classes such as these. The midwife who, after her course of instruction, cannot show her fitness to be entrusted with the work will be refused authority to continue. There will be less of "ketchin' babies."

THE story of Halifax County came to me from Dr. Helen Moore herself, and these are the conclusions which Dr. Moore drew from the study made there:

While it may be possible, in some of the northern and mid-western states where only 1 or 2 per cent of the obstetrical cases are delivered by the midwife, to ignore the midwife in the effort to lower maternity and infant death rates, in some of our southern states where she delivers from one-third to one-half the cases it is impossible to ignore her.

If the midwife is to be entirely eliminated, there are a number of conditions that must be met first; and at best it will be a long, slow process. These conditions are:

1. Educate the great mass of people to the need of better obstetrical care.
2. Overcome the prejudice against calling in a man physician, and the prejudice in favor of a woman, though she may be ignorant and dirty.
3. Solve the economic situation which tempts a family to "take a chance" with a cheap midwife rather than employ a physician.
4. Provide an adequate number of doctors for all localities.
5. Provide better roads for remote communities.
6. Bring all American women to realize, together with all public-spirited persons and all organizations interested in the welfare of humanity, that this is their problem.

Greater care should be exercised in granting licenses to midwives who are first-time applicants; their character and natural ability should be considered; their physical examination should include Wasserman and tuberculosis tests; they should be given preliminary instruction with a certain number of actual deliveries; attendance at a certain number of classes should be compulsory.

Until such time as the state or some other agency provides a place where the midwife may receive bedside instruction, she must depend upon the local doctor for instruction, assisting him, if he will agree, in actual delivery cases, and upon the classroom instruction given in her neighborhood by the public health nurse. Licensing of midwives, on the basis of participation in a required number of actual cases, might be limited to the recommendation of the local physicians.

The public health nurse should meet the midwives, either individually or in groups, at least once every three months and obtain lists of their prenatal and post-natal cases, checking these with the birth certificates she has handed in. The nurse should make as many prenatal calls as possible, giving the midwife instruction in the patient's home as well as in the class.

IF the southern states must face the task of educating the greatest *number* of midwives, some of the northern states have complicated problems too. The 428 midwives practising in New York state in 1922 included 23 nationalities, Poles, Italians, Germans, Americans and Slavs other than Poles predominating. Probably there is a similar situation in the densely populated industrial and mining states. The southwestern states with Mexican midwives and the Pacific Coast states with the Japanese midwives illustrate still other complications. In New York state outside New York city the number of midwives has declined steadily—there are twenty-two counties which have no licensed midwives; and New Hampshire reports but seven in all the state.

The procedure for their licensing and training in most of the states follows the general principles outlined for Virginia. Besides Virginia, Connecticut, Michigan, New York, California, New Jersey, and South Carolina are now reported as having supervisors of midwives, and in others some kind of instruction has been provided, by letters, simple rules and regulations, or through bulletins and classes. The class instruction is carried on by physicians, usually the health officers, by public health nurses, or, as in Connecticut, by registered midwives. In some states the classes meet once only; in others, at regular intervals for a period. The instruction consists of an explanation of the state laws governing the practice of midwifery, of the proper technique, and the limitations of the midwife. Seventeen states, in all, now report the holding of classes. More than a thousand midwives have completed the course in South Carolina. Several states employ Negro nurses to help in such work.

In Pennsylvania, aside from an intensive campaign in four counties, there are two women physicians on the staff of the state department of health who speak several languages and instruct midwives in their mother tongue. In another state a qualified obstetrician travels about, and both physicians and midwives bring their cases, especially the complicated ones, for consultation. The Arkansas story already has been told in The Survey. (Save the Country Baby, by Frances Sage Bradley, M.D., December 15, 1923.)

In the states such as New Jersey and New Hampshire, where licensing and supervision has been continued over a period of years, there has been a decided decrease in the number of registered midwives, and a marked improvement in the type of care which they give. Physicians are called more frequently in abnormal cases, and there has been an improved reporting of births.

Down in the Virginia back country, the neighbor who meets another and inquires after the health of the other's family, gets the answer: "Oh, they 're all stirrin'."

Are we?

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Our City of Thought

By PATRICK GEDDES

Cartoons by Hendrik Willem Van Loon

THE venerable profession of the church, though we may trace its pastoral origins, nowadays thinks of these in a very abstract, and even metaphorical sense. So the law, with its parchment records of land-tenure, and crop-dues, etc., has similarly risen in the social scale far above the original farmer. These two leading faculties of our universities have long acquired their patrician status, with freedom from contamination by the vulgarities of "mere labor." The medical profession, as harbinger of the scientists, has been longer and slower in obtaining its third place in precedence; since "leechcraft" is after all a plebeian sort of work; pharmacy, with its herbs and salts, is only a remove or two from the soil; and the surgeon long lagged behind all these, as but late relieved of his humble original task, of barber.

Science, the youngest of studies, and until lately the least prosecuted, is hardly yet considered of full professional status. On the whole its votaries still seem plebeian; and they look so because they are so; since for the most part we are skilled artisans, men of our hands. For with these organs we have to do our experiments; and thus we dirty them—instead of voicing the high discourse of the really dignified professions, with gestures decently robed, and these with hands of the whitest. Still, as we have shown at times a certain efficiency in "delivering the goods"—and these fresh and new ones, sometimes of value even to our "pecuniary culture"—the status of the pioneers of science has in the last generation or two been rising.

I.

THUS—though to the horror of "Society"—Kelvin and Lister in time became heard of by respectable Londoners, as new "Lords"; a little lower than the brewers, of course, but Lords anyhow. Educated Londoners (for there are such), knew of them as successive Presidents of the Royal Society. Their colleagues in that society, and in the university, knew of them as a professor of Physics and of Surgery respectively. But to the plebeian eye of the occupational sociologist, Kelvin becomes more intelligible than in any of these descriptions, as the first-rate Glasgow mechanic who was able to continue the job of instrument-maker, which was occupied in the same university and department two generations before by James Watt. Only this new man was even more skilled with electrical devices than was his predecessor with steamy ones. And then, recalling him to memory yet more closely, as the very type of the worthy old Glasgow mechanic in his Sunday clothes, we see him also as the modern avatar of the great god Hephestos; as Vulcan, striking new sparks from his mighty forge; and also limping along, somewhat lamed by his toil—thus true to the very life. Watt himself was indeed avatar of Prometheus, again bringing new, and dangerous as well as invaluable powers.

So now Lister. Relieving him successively of peer's robes, president's mace, and professor's gown, we have the good old Quaker surgeon. Getting him out of his long frock-coat, we have a look at him as barber—indeed of the record "clean shave." See him next with apron off; he is now "the shepherd with his tar-box by his side" of old English pastoral poetry; and indeed of immemorial and worldwide practice. For when the sheep has had a scratch, and the blowflies lay their eggs in it, and the maggots have hatched and begin to eat the living flesh (so that the poor creature goes off its feed in agony), the noticing shepherd brushes the maggots off, dips his finger or stick in his little tarpot, and covers the sore spot; whereupon the sheep is peacefully browsing again in quarter of an hour. That is the elemental and central usage of antiseptic surgery, little though modern townsfolk may remember it, or much else of rural life and significance.

But Lister had chemical knowledge of his stuff; hence his carbolic acid, an extract of tar; and also microscopic knowledge of the infecting germs, smaller than maggots, and incomparably deadlier. This latter he learned from his father, a handyman at fixing up two spectacle-glasses to multiply one another as an "eye-piece," and two more or so near the object, as an "objective," the two bits of apparatus being conveniently held in a tube, and then known as a microscope. Of this old Lister was one of the notable improvers.

Meantime too, a keen youth, the son of a village tanner in the Jura (a very low-caste job, in India in fact quite "untouchable") had been puzzling to understand how oak-bark on hides prevented their decay—in fact, was literally anti-septic. Microscopic germs had already been discovered in decaying things; and he pondered and studied these. He saw that you might either kill the germs by anti-septics, and so prevent decay; or—better still, though more difficult—try to keep out germs altogether; in which case no putrefaction would occur. Besides thus thinking out the practice of his tanner father, he essayed kindred experiments on his own: and having evidently had a tidy mother, with "an eye for dirt," he went into the milk-house, and the cheese-making, and the baking, and the brewing; and by and by, the wine-making too—in fact all round these homely arts—henceforth revolutionized and purified throughout the world. Then, too, he found out how to clean up silk-worms, and get rid of their disease—so saving a main French industry, though he overworked himself into a paralytic seizure with that. But he pulled himself together; and went on, with a big experimental sort of tannery and germ-testing place, since called the Pasteur Institute, and next reproduced over the world. Among all these rural endeavors he had an in-

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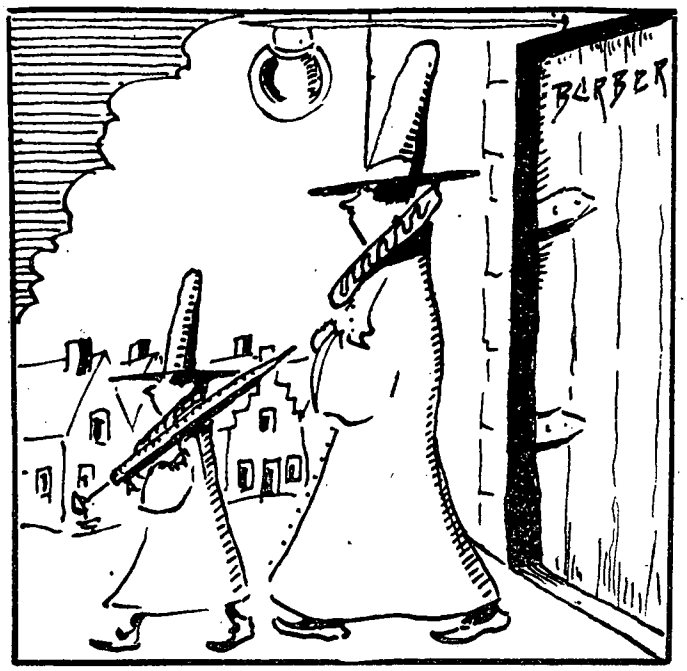

The surgeon was but late relieved of his humble original task of barber

direct adventure with a mad dog; for he saved the man the dog bit, and next others. In course of all this, he started many younger workers, of whom not a few have also done illustriously: none more than the before-mentioned young surgeon, who specialized upon the human wound. Before that the frequent surgeon's story was that "the operation was successful, but the patient died": while hospitals, especially maternity hosptials, with all their skill and care, had a far bigger death-rate than patients left in the slums. But Lister put an end to all that; as the world knows.

Knows, yes; but how tardily! The story is worth recalling, as full of significance, for the psychological survey of cities. First, let me preface it by another, one of James Watt, whose Birmingham firm only got to the point of selling its first engine twenty years after he had invented it. So very naturally, this enterprising and tenacious firm went bankrupt. There was the usual meeting of creditors, first valuing buildings, real estate, and materials. Coming to the firm's patents, the lawyer-person began, "Patent for—for what—something called a 'steam-engine!' What's that? What value am I to assign?" At once spoke out the practical man (true to his type in every generation). "Yah! Put it down at a farthing!" And so, accordingly, this supreme and central invention of modern times was put down at one farthing—half a cent: and thus, we may presume, the firm by and by was able to buy it back again.

And if it be supposed that such "practical" minds are no longer so sure of themselves, I may here recall the "Daily Mail," a chief "organ" of London mentality, so long, widely and deeply depressed by and to the level of its chief newsboy, one Harmsworth, alias Lord Northcliffe, whose professional boast was "I buy paper, and sell it—inked!" It may be remembered that Marconi's first wireless message across the Atlantic, yielded only the letter S—"Yah—what's the use of signalling S?" was the substance of next morning's press-comment; not seeing that to get anything across at all was the main solution of Marconi's problem; so that he might get T and more across on the morrow, which of course he did.

Return now to Lister's struggle. Like many another good apprentice before him, he had married the daughter of his master, Syme, then the greatest surgeon of his day; and who, though he loved him as son-in-law, never could quite bring himself to believe the boy much of a surgeon (and of course so far truly, for as an operator Lister was but as others). After various fights, however, he got the hospital clean, and showed healings which silenced his local critics; indeed soon converted them to followers. London surgeons, however, for a time continued to have nothing to do with "the Scotch fad," as they called it; but Pasteur sent him a bright young military surgeon for a pupil. On 4th July 1870, there came for this last a telegram, "War declared—return for the front." Before taking the night train southward for Paris, the young surgeon spent the day in buying up all the carbolic acid and dressings he could take with him; and on the second day he proudly reported himself to his Surgeon-General with his life-saving burden. "Bah! what's this!" railed his military superior. "Nonsense—send it back to Paris!" So back it all went; thus condemning untold numbers of wounded soldiers to die of rotten wounds in the good old-fashioned way. Thirty years later, to the Boer War (with its colossal mortality, not from Boers' bullets, but from germs of all kinds) an experienced London surgeon was sent out at length, whose report was that the army's stock of surgical appliances was only in place in an archaeological museum. (The British volunteers, perhaps more fortunate, got no appliances at all.) It was not until the Russo-Japanese war a few years later that the work of Pasteur and Lister took root in military practice and then, thanks to Oriental hands. The Japanese soldiers not only had a bath before each battle, but washed their shirts as well, and so got clean wounds, easily dressed; but the poor Russians still went in dirty, and got germ-laden wounds accordingly, and these mostly left undressed—a potent factor in the result we know. So the late Great War was really the first in which ordinary skill of antiseptics and bacteriology was in use by all combatants.

So slow is it for a scientific advance to make head against the self-satisfied stupefactions of habit and routine. "Prac-

Evolution in Religion

Let me affirm then, from a long life-time's experience of the toils and joys of botanical, zoological and anthropological studies, that there is no more fascinating or fruitful field for evolutionary study than that of religion. From the present naturalistic approach, this becomes nothing less than the interpretation of human life, in terms of the highest ideals its founders have attained, and their highest exponents could express. It hence becomes for us a comparative study of previous theories of evolution,—not especially of organic evolution, nor in a world made in six days, but of psychological, social and moral evolution, illuminating us at every turn.

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The tar pot of the shepherd becomes carbolic acid—an extract of tar—and death to germs

tical" has thus become a word commonly used to boast the absence of that very occupational knowledge, and courage of application, from which it is derived. A new idea, when of any large complexity or breadth of application, but without alluring economic return, generally needs about a generation-length to work its way into the great world's practice.

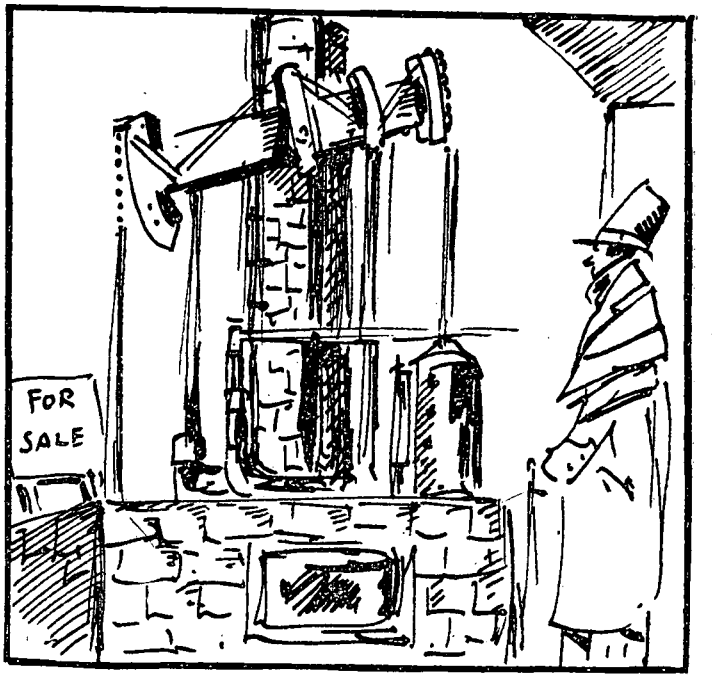
Last of all, Lister has left to his old University his portrait and his honors, henceforth a glory of Edinburgh. Some day however, we shall make from this portrait a stained glass window—of this old Quaker saint of his great craft, and with its gentlest old patriarchal face—that of a good shepherd indeed.

II

BUT—returning to the hard struggle of new ideas or methods—it is rather in the social and political field that mental conductivity is most sluggish, even in our would be progressive West. Thus the amazing candor, not to say brutality, of General Bernhardi and his fellows, before, during and after 1914, can only be explained or understood as their vigorous re-statement of the doctrine of survival, in struggle for existence, and at its very crudest—the Darwinism of 1860, and too long surviving. The subsequent outburst of bolshevism in Russia must also be seen not as any sudden and new spectre, but as the tardy coming into power of ardent disciples of Karl Marx, a thinker of much the same time. Or again, every one in the West has heard of Gandhi; and mostly of his leadership along new and revolutionary lines. When you come to know him, however, the strata of his idealogy are plainly exposed. His ancient idealism and asceticism, and his deep respect for life are all rooted in his religion of Jainism, as old as Buddhism itself, say six centuries B.C. But what are the characteristic ideas he has expounded in his political career? Essentially four, and avowedly all western ones—(1) Mazzini's idealistic nationalism, (2) Thoreau's simplification of life, (3) Ruskin's criticism of the machine industry and its money economics, and (4) Tolstoi's non-resistance. Much of course may be said for each and all these ideas; much indeed has been said; for each and all of them date essentially from the generation of 1830-1860. Their exponent has not expressed any ideas of later date; since none have appreciably impressed him.

Why then,—as I often ask my countrymen in India—does he so alarm you, the powers that be? They cannot give the answer, though a simple one. For personal acquaintance with the mental outfit of the dominant British authorities in India at once reveals that their corresponding working set of ideas are those acquired at Oxford, etc., etc.—from Burke's Speeches on the French Revolution, from Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, and the like. Important ideas all; but as they are four generations back instead of only two, they naturally give Mr. Gandhi's an alarming air of novelty.

Here, then, is one of the historic viewpoints as yet too much unemployed in our contemporary social surveys. In a later article I shall exhibit the historic stratification of Edinburgh. Some of its social types date back a thousand years; yet none are as yet completely fossil. Their surviving representatives vary in number of course; but amount in all to an immense majority of its living population. This is of great interest to the social surveyor, thus to find in his city heirs of all the ages. But if he perchance dares to think of himself the while as in the foremost files of time, it is also well to realize that each of us is made up of many selves, dating from all periods, and certainly in various respects far from being up-to-date. Recalling our school days,—[A Schoolboy's Bag and a City Pageant, February, 1925] we can now see that with our Euclid and our Grammar, we are still being "kept in" at the University of Alexandria, say three centuries B. C. The botanical systematist is proud of his continuity from Linnaeus in 1735, and with De Candolle and Robert Brown less than a century later;



The "practical" man of yesterday valued the patent of the steam engine at a farthing . . .

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. . . our human possibilities . . .

while the greater pride of the humanist is based on his far earlier loyalties. And since hardly any of us have mathematics enough really to follow Einstein, nor physics enough to feel at home in Madame Curie's laboratory or Professor Milliken's, it is manifest that, as regards the make-up and wording of the cosmic universe, we have not really got out of our earlier generation. At most we tolerate this succeeding one; at best congratulate it, on getting out of reach of our minds, arrested in our past, and too stiffened now to move on. Yet it is something for us to have acquired anything of such earlier heritage of science to which these later minds are now adding; and in their turn they are tolerant of us, though mainly helpful to their successors. This is no mere "academic" discussion; but clear disclosure to ourselves of the intellectual conditions of internal progress, in any society. History is no mere keeping of annals; it is more than the general philosophy of history which historians have long sought, and sociologists go on seeking; and it is far more too than all such tracings of occupational origins as we have attempted in these pages.

Hence then the profound importance,—and for every science, every art—of its historic search and scrutiny. Such is that of Dr. George Sarton of Harvard Library, with his Isis—a still too little-known review of the history of science; or again of the kindred work of Dr. Singer at Oxford and London, and of other few workers scattered elsewhere. For thus to clear up "the filiation of ideas," throughout the past, is laying bare the true foundations on which we have to build today: and this whether as researchers adding to knowledge or as students acquiring it.

> The new age stands as yet
> Half-built against the sky;
> Open to every threat
> Of storms that clamor by.
> Scaffolding veils the walls,
> And dim dust floats and falls,
> As moving to and fro, their tasks the masons ply.

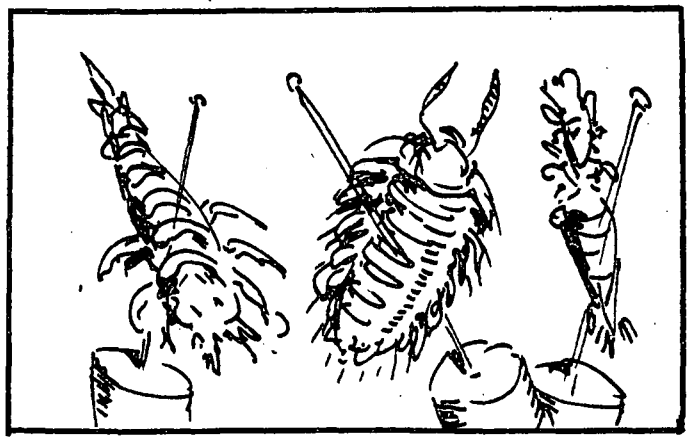
Only in the measure in which we can come to understand and know our way in this city of thought which humanity has ever been building, can we attain to any measure of peace in it. Such true peace is then seen as of no mere rest and breathing-space, amid its internecine wars; but as of renewing effort more effective, because more continuous and more cooperative than heretofore; and towards constructive peace.

III.

IT is thus by no mere coincidence that another task which interrupts—and yet encourages—the writing of these articles should be that of preparing a report towards the advancement of International Intellectual Relations, for M. Bergson's committee of that name, called into being by the League of Nations. Take its urgent problem of international scientific bibliographies. The profusion of present growths of the tree of knowledge can only be kept clear if we deal with them in historic spirit, i. e., in relation to those branches of previous growth-periods from which all this present leafage has arisen. The technical method of tracing this "filiation" of knowledge is after all very simple. Given any great initiator, of any order of ideas—be this Harvey with his circulation of the blood; or Linnaeus with his classification of plants and animals, his System of Nature; or again Watt with his steam-engine, or whom you will—we may on the one hand enquire into his precursors, and on the other into his continuators. Mere critics, and mere expositors and commentators, naturally drop out of memory, and may be left so: but among the continuators there arise from time to time new initiators; as after Harvey soon Hales, with his "circulation of the sap" thus founding vegetable physiology: as after Linnaeus, the founders of the Natural System, at any rate less artificial; or again from Watt, Stephenson and many more, on to our modern motor and aeroplane industry engineers.

(1) Precursors, (2) Initiators, (3) Continuators: here then is the elemental rhythm of progress; and in wave after wave of advance; though often there are dormant periods, sometimes even between individual continuators, let alone between initiative growth-waves. For seasons seem often unfavorable.

Recall now from our opening article—as helpful to this conception of the growth of the tree of knowledge—the main historic periods indicated by our survey of the contents of the boy's schoolbag:—the Primitive, Matriarchal, Patriarchal; the Greco-Roman, Medieval, Renaissance, the modern Industrial, Imperial, Financial. We at once see that our tree—be it viewed as of knowledge or of social life—cannot end here; and if so, that the good people around us (including ourselves, of course, in our everyday moods) who think of our present civilization and its ways and ideas as to any great degree established and permanent, must be more or less sound asleep. Yet next, conversely, we see that those who suppose such ways (*Continued on page* 504)



The creature has adopted the utilitarian philosophy . . .

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Shall We Have Ballads Again?

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

"THE birth of the ballad was in the lips and hearts of the people." I find this remark used in the Encyclopedia Brittanica, in pointing the contrast with the demand of the aristocracy for an epic literature of their own. It raises a great deal of speculation in my mind; I cannot help brooding over all that follows in the Encyclopedia article, with perpetual reference back to this.

Has most of our present poetry, like most of our present fiction, been written by the well-to-do, of the well-to-do, and for the well-to-do? Is it only to be distinguished from that epic literature the aristocracy at an earlier time demanded for itself by being lyric instead of epic? Has it turned out lyric instead of epic just because the lips and hearts of the aristocracy, like the lips and hearts of the people, find lyric poetry more natural to write and to read than epics?

I can imagine a considerable volume of negative reply to this. "Why, factory girls are crazy about Amy Lowell! Vachel Lindsay found a lot of farmhands in Illinois singing his Firemen's Ball! And haven't you heard that the cowboys down in New Mexico all know the High Chin Bob ballad of Badger Clark's? Just let a copy of Frost lie round loose in a sawmill or a hayfield—or a boarding house kitchen!"

Well, I suppose people in hayfields and kitchens sometimes read Sabrina Fair, or Satan's great speeches in Paradise Lost, if they happen to see them; and if they opened to L'Allegro, they would have found that poetry was being written about them, and their milking and harvesting. But all that is somewhat different from the birth of poetry in the lips and hearts of the people. It isn't the sort of thing you expect, and when you do find it, you call attention to it. I must admit that if any one person could be the lips and hearts of the people, Robert Frost might; he seems in a marvellous way to have brooded in the inarticulate heart and uttered with the perfection of unsophisticable fidelity part of what must be there. He has found some elusive wonderings there, wistfulnesses, fortitudes, certain profound whimsicalities, intimations of solidarity which chimed with his own. There is a great deal more! Masefield has entered into the inarticulate heart and found blinding shocks and passions there, a piercing sense of tragedy and an unbearably poignant tenderness. These chimed with his own nature and gave him the stuff for those "barren hours passed at grips with thought." There is a great deal else! Though like the child who has only been taken to a park, we cannot conceive the country.

Now in demanding that once prevailingly epic poetry for their own class, the aristocracy apparently never have wished to have it spring from a corporate soil. They were content with the inspirations and peculiarities of great poets working singly. Unlike the Italians, who "will not sing anything that has a name signed to it," they have always carefully cleansed the texts of their poets from interpolations and emendations by other hands; their scholars, laboring in deep libraries, have spent lifetimes in disentangling and purifying the original versions. The people's poetry, on the contrary, "flitted from lip to lip of nurses, shepherds," and others whose life was close to elemental needs, taking on countless accretions and alterations all along. Like an unconscious Standing Committee on the Perfection of Ballads, the lips and hearts of the people, careless of time and finality, continued to improve their communal heritage. It was a new phrase here, an altered sequence there, a stanza left out, a stanza put in, a half stanza begun, and rounded off with the refrain.

So much is understandable. We can shut our eyes and hear it happening, with the ears of the historical imagination. But who can imagine how the ballads began? Those who write prefaces to collections of ballads can partly imagine. This is what some of them describe.

Something striking has happened, and a traveler arriving at a village stops to tell about it. He begins to say that a foraging chief has burnt a castle down, or another bold raider has escaped from his enemy's castle, or a pair of thwarted lovers have poisoned themselves. The people rushing out of their houses gather about him and exclaim; their unselfconscious bodies sway in the natural rhythms of their mood, and they begin perhaps to intone their exclamations. One of these shouted exclamations catches the fancy of the crowd; they all take it up; it perhaps catches the fancy of the narrator too, and he responds; he begins to chant his recital. The listeners, moving in an involuntary tragic dance, bring in the refrain whenever they feel that it is the right moment for it.

Such is one popular scholarly guess at the beginnings of the ballad. Other scholars scoff at this. They conceive its beginnings to have been individual, and attribute to a single poet of the people an inspiration from which the narrative sprang. But even then it must have been freely handled, reshaped, and often made the vehicle for another man's inspiration and his conception of what was tuneful. It is difficult to remember how free people must have felt to do such things to ballads, when there were no property rights in them for anybody concerned, no authorized versions, no sense, in the cheerful alterer, of being presumptuous or meddlesome—no delicacy about damaging the sacred offspring of another's brain, but a feeling as instinctively irresponsible as a child's feeling toward a daisy.

Why might not a traveler, at times, have made up a ballad as he went along, and sung it at the first village he came to? Why mightn't a poetic boy or girl, in that first village, have sung the ballad over again after the traveler had gone on, making up what he couldn't remember, to finish the tale? How open and inviting it was, then, to write poetry? Not only no copyright, but no necessity to persuade a publisher, or to advertise, or to secure reviews!

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It was all loose and accidental. It was not even taught in school, laus Deo. And the audience, if one wanted to "render" it, or "illustrate" it, was all ready to gather; no need for patronesses, or tickets, or a hall.

Informal, oral, free to be taken or left, the poetry of the age of ballads above all was to be heard at dances! These rhythms of the tongue were the natural accompaniment of the other natural rhythms of the body. Perhaps they were never quite as popular, quite as spontaneous and communal, or quite as releasing and impassioned, as the dance. But they approached such spontaneity, such group spirit, such recreational power. When one thinks of this past golden age of poetry, he begins to understand what few of us, I think, can understand otherwise; how the life of Europe persisted through those ghastly epidemics—such unspeakable periodical diseases of filth and squalor, that it seems as if they must have exterminated the whole population of the poor. Something there was, some reserve of leisure or freedom of the spirit, which enables the learned author of the Encyclopedia article to use the expression "the blithe peasant life, with its dances."

THAT word "blithe" reverberates curiously in the inward ear. Could anybody, writing for, let us say, the nineteenth edition of the Encyclopedia, refer to the working population here in these last decades of the Strenuous, or Ruction, Ages, as "blithe?" Will there be any remains out of which he can reconstruct, however ignorantly, a picture of our mill workers and tenant farmers dancing back to the mill village, or to the town meeting, to the rhythms of a ballad with such a refrain as "Fine flowers in the valley," "With the red, the green, and the yellow?" Blithe! it is a word we cannot apply to our times without a sense of illimitable absurdity, and yet what have we lost, except that sense of interdependence and social security, which the older forms of poverty and exploitation possessed somewhat, before the Industrial Revolution? Something enabled those worn and filthy peasants to sing and dance. Did the unconquerable spirit of man find a little room in mortal life in which to sport and play, in a few immortal forms, just because his living—or dying!—wage, such as it was, was at least secure, and his tyrannical church at least stood close to him and bore him up?

It seems to me, from observing the way in which my own inventive pleasures take their occasional rise, that this is a very probable speculation. Leisure seems to me only primarily an affair of time. Of course it does need time; it needs a little free time occurring often, rather than a surfeit and then a famine of time, such as our seasonal workers must endure. But a frequent little leeway of time will do for a great deal of refreshment of the spirit, if the spirit is free enough to slip at once into holiday mood; if it can relax at once that conscientious suspense about time, in which so many of us spend our adult lives. For the essence of leisure is the freedom of the mind from the preoccupation of care, and that accursed urge, "I fear I am not making the best use of this time!" In the fortunate classes, in the Ownerscult, we may—though many of us never do—have moments, even hours, of essential leisure. When the heart is thus "at leisure from itself," creative notions fly like butterflies into it. Prayer, too, in all those inward reaches which approach the mystic, confers this state of release; the swollen bubble of that toilsome care about time suddenly bursts, and there is an iridescent passage of creative moments. There is, for a little while, a blithe life, bent upon self-expression in such things as dancing and making up poetry.

Did such flashes of essential leisure come more often into the individual lives of the Workerscult, we might receive from them some more fragments of individual poetry in addition to the few we have; only marred, of course, by those individual mannerisms and sentimentalisms from which the old ballads are so free. But what we shall need, I think, if we want to invite a modern age of ballads, is *communal* leisure. We need a widespread habit of leisure. We need, not single persons separately released from their cages for a few minutes, but a communal holiday heart. We need a widespread blitheness, that can concentrate together in some gay creative impulse, and bloom into art.

A sense of economic security, it seems to me, is the first fundamental in building up this structure of general hap-happiness. People afraid of losing their livelihood can never know leisure—never except in the upper reaches of loving or praying. If we could know that the community stood cordially behind us and our families, and would carry us on its broad back through any adversity that threatens us, we should have the beginning of leisure of the heart. If we could but know that all of us stood behind each of us, ready, in any individual calamity, to step forward and say

> . . . Here is my neck!
> Hang your whole weight upon me!

the worst burden of our care would, I believe, be gone from almost every one of us. As soon as we develop some co-operative habits of pooling our overplus of strength and money, we shall all at once be relieved from these white and ghastly nights of fear to which any premonition of illness in the breadwinner now automatically gives rise. Think, reader! Think what it might release in you, (though you cannot conceive it yourself!) to know that if accident or illness should befall you, the community in its strength would become the affectionate guardian of your family and yourself; and that without any assumption of charity, since you would always have contributed your own overplus to the community chest, and since every family, in the course of three or four generations, is certain to need the community help in some such crisis.

But still more leisure of heart, and still more time, I think we may very easily have, as soon as we sweep off the clutter of undesirable belongings, and the clutter of advertisement about them, which now clog industry and art. Thousands of pretty tags and ingenious mechanisms lie heaped up in the way of any simple and enjoyable, that is to say, creative, habit of mind. Bertrand Russell even believes that this welter of unneeded objects, and the habit of buying and storing them in our houses, may be a main reason for the exploitation of the labor of backward races, and those rivalries for raw materials which culminate in wars.

At all events many of us feel half suffocated in buyables. From time to time we long for a hut, a den, a camp with rough-sawn floor, and tin dishes. In our hearts we know that this isn't primarily to escape the actual labor of taking care of these things, and using (*Continued on page* 512)

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The Automobile in the Middle Ages

By JOSEPH K. HART

MOST of us recall, with pleasantly reminiscent humor, the revolution that broke out in the realm of King Arthur when that theretofore comparatively peaceful land was invaded by Mark Twain's Yankee from Connecticut. When two such distinctive types—King Arthur and a Yankee—meet, one of them, at least, is bound to be disquieted a bit; and since nothing could disturb the calm assurance of the Yankee, King Arthur—and his people—had to take all the shock, with what immediate consequences the veracious historian gleefully records.

But a doubt intrudes. No one, of course, will question the historical trustworthiness of Mark Twain. His fame is secure. But—if that Yankee did really visit Arthur's court and work the revolution ascribed to him, why do we find no later traces of him and his doings in English history? Is it because of the capacity of our immemorial folkways to absorb such shocks at the surface and to present, to all such apparent changes, an impenetrable inner permanence? Are our traditional structures really impervious to all external influences, and immune from all change?

These questions are not without pertinence, today, for a still more realistic invasion is going forward amongst us. All our lands and most of our minds have been entered in recent years by a most irrepressible and irreverent "yankee" —from Detroit, or thereabouts, this time; the automobile. The whole country has been covered: more than seventeen million "troops," moving almost silently, on well prepared roads, billeted themselves upon the country in 1924. Everywhere these invaders have found friends, supporters, accomplices. The whole country, practically, has gone over to "the yankees." The chivalrous King Arthur has been quite crowded off the highways.

But coincident with this invasion has come what some refer to as a "universal demoralization of our youth." Newspaper editors, judges of the courts, novelists, pulpit orators and moralists, generally, have united in telling the world that "something is wrong with the younger generation." Statistics of crime are cited; dramatic instances of youths and girls in the toils of the law—in prison and on their way to the electric chair or the gallows—are recited with great gusto; and the flouting of our sacred institutions, especially the home and the church, by these flappers, "cake-eaters" and "jazz-hounds" is appealed to as proof of the degeneracy of our times, and of this particular part of our times!

Curiously enough, much of this "degeneracy" is laid to the charge of the automobile, though other "forces of evil," e. g., the unregulated dance and "booze," are held to be accomplices. The country boasts some hundreds of thousands of miles of paved roads, on which most any sort of a car can make forty miles an hour, the best cars making sixty to seventy-five. In addition, there are scores of thousands of miles of country roads, usually not much improved, and therefore not conducive to speed, which, by way of compensation, are lined with trees, shaded by groves and dotted with "road houses," and which offer dancing floors, food, drink and lodging of every "improper" kind to couples, groups and parties seeking escape from the areas where conventions rule. The automobile has made it possible, as never before in history, for people of all ages to escape completely from those traditional "moral controls" which the past has built up "for the guidance of the generations." Many young people have taken advantage of these possibilities and have "escaped" herefrom—with what results policemen, probation officers and jailers have many lurid tales to tell. Hence, the automobile is, at once, the most welcome, and the most suspected, of visitors to our civilization.

BUT agreement as to the facts is lacking. Some say that "the present younger generation is the worst the world has ever known—a lot of unspeakable rotters." Others reply, quite amiably, that "the present youthful generation differs in no essential particular from any other such generation the world has ever known: the automobile has made them a bit more free; but they are, on the whole, using their freedom with such natural wisdom as to assure any one but a blind man that they will, in good time, settle down to the acceptance of the true moralities as all other younger generations have always done."

These two opinions seem to deal with two diverse groups, however. The growth of Young Peoples' Conservative Associations, junior chambers of commerce, junior Rotary Clubs, and junior Ku Klux Klans indicates that a considerable part of the younger generation, disgusted with the excesses of the "jazz hounds" and the "speed fiends," has retreated into extreme respectability and is giving its energies to the development of culture and morality in the land. These young people, it is claimed, have become more conservative than their parents, or than any other younger generation the world has ever known.

Hence, it is easily possible to apply complacent commendation and heated condemnation to the younger generation, without stint. If the speaker or writer upholds "modern freedom," he can commend the speedy ones as exemplars of "all that is natural," and condemn the Junior Rotarians as Exhibit A in conventional stupidity, and all that without expending more thought than would fill a single lobe of a gnat's brain. If, on the other hand, he upholds "true morality," he can commend the Junior Rotarians as that "noble band of rising young leaders," and condemn all "lounge lizards" and "pink tea imbeciles," and use no more mental stuff than would fill the other lobe of the same gnat's brain.

ALL such pronouncements meanwhile miss or ignore the two most important factors in the whole situation, to wit: first, that there are many members of the "younger generation" who fail to get any meaning, or pleasure, or sense of reality out of any of the attitudes current in the

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world today—either in the younger generation or amongst their elders—all such condemnations and commendations, alike, leaving them cold; and second, that the automobile has brought us, at last and undeniably, a new but long-promised world, a world in which our commendations and condemnations and medieval moralizings have no more than an antiquarian interest. These two ignored facts seem not unrelated. We must consider them in some detail; and, like true logicians, we shall consider the second one first.

"WE have a new world!" Such statements make "students of history" smile. "We have always been coming into a 'new world'," they say, "but in the long run, it has always turned out to be the same old world!"

This cynical retort has an element of truth in it: disillusionment has played its part in educating the race; and "students of history" never tire of laughing at the "poor old human race" that has hoped so often for a new day, and been disappointed just as often. Nothing pleases a "student of history" so much as fresh proof that "history always repeats itself." It makes the task of "understanding history" so much simpler. But perhaps history can be made too simple!

Each younger generation has been rebellious by nature. Born into an artificial world—with characteristics antagonistic to that world—conflict has always been inevitable. Sometimes this conflict has taken the form of a "transition"; infrequently, the form of a "crisis." What is the difference?

Well, in a "transition," the younger generation is slowly worn down by the resistance of the older generation until, eventually, nothing remains of the rebellious group or movement but the memory of futility and defeat; the younger generation is assimilated to the older and, cynically, in its turn, resists all the rebellious energies of *its* younger generation. A "transition" is progress backwards: it is an illusion of change.

In a "crisis," on the other hand, the younger generation, in some manner, holds some part of its rebellious energies intact, maintains its position in the face of reaction, and eventually compels the older generation to move forward a bit, at least. It seems that such an outcome can never be secured save as the younger generation has the help of some new invention—a more powerful weapon, or a superior tool. This new invention opens up to the younger generation a new *range of reality*; to which it can cling for support; and it also serves as a means of fighting back, and destroying, some part of the old grasp of legend and myth. New inventions have not, therefore, been highly regarded, on the whole, by the older generation. "These inventors are going a little too far," they have said; "one of these days, they'll blow everything up, and then, where'll we be? Better make haste slowly. Transition is more sensible than a crisis!"

In spite of this attitude, however, we've had enough "crises" in the course of the centuries to move the race far from its first bases—into new lands, facing new heavens and looking out upon new intellectual frontiers. Practically all of this advance has been accomplished in the last twenty-five hundred years. And every inch of the ground has been bitterly contested.

The story of this movement is too long to be retold here. We must plump ourselves down into the midst of it—in the medieval world and the medieval state of mind—and get our bearings.

THE Middle Age was a great fear. It was primitive fear, multiplied many fold: fear of the barbarian, crowding in from all sides; fear of the serf and the slave; fear of the barbaric inner self; fear of demons and witches; fear of lesser gods and greater gods; fear of Jehovah, the age's own jealous God; fear of comets and falling stars; fear of the end of the world and of the continuance of the world; fear of portentous years, like the year 1000; fear of starvations, plagues and epidemics; fear of death; and fear of life. Nature was personal, i. e., animistic, jealous of her secrets, vindictive. Jehovah was watchful, jealous, retributive. The devil was just round the corner.

The age, the individual, the race longed for sanctuary from all these fears: "Jerusalem, my happy home, when shall I come to thee?" The "Medieval System" brought to the age, the individual, the race a promise of security. The "plan of salvation" was not obscure: the world was created thus and so; man's nature had become so and thus: let the individual do certain things, accept certain doctrines, submit to certain institutional subordinations—and the Universe could be counted on his side. Miraculously, in a moment, he escaped the wreckage of time, and gained a share in the securities of eternity.

The clue to the whole matter is to be found in two doctrines, to wit: that the universe is a fixed physical, moral and spiritual order, which has been revealed to man in the "scriptures" and in the immemorial institutions of church and state; and that the true end of man is to accept these eternal arrangements and to order his own moral and intellectual life in reverent obedience thereunto.

With such a world there must, of course, be no tinkering. Science must accept that world, and describe it more fully; and philosophy must defend it from the barbarian without and the irreverent within. This was the one proper function of the human intellect; it must defend the official program of living and justify the ways of God to men. The walls of this citadel of security were frequently being breached—now by floods of invaders who, century by century, kept Christendom in an uproar, introducing elements of experience that could neither be accepted nor ignored; now by insidious heretics within who used their God-given intellects to undermine the work of the authoritative agents of God. Hence, official philosophers were always needed—repair men and reconstruction engineers who could be depended upon to keep the intellectual structure of the age intact. They must be prepared, at any time, to show that man, the creature, must ever be subordinate to the laws of his Creator; that social and moral subordinations were of the nature of reality; that kings were anointed of God; that classes existed by nature; that wealth inhered in those to whom it was properly due; that authority belonged to those whom God had set up; that moral classifications were eternal; and that the sacred institutions of the age were pledges, from everlasting to everlasting, of just these things.

That is to say, the universe was for the good: virtue was bound to triumph, villainy to be punished. The righteous were never forsaken. All these things were demonstrated in the horse. (It was the age of chivalry!): the horse is a part of nature—yet he responds to the uses and feelings of

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men. He can be talked to, argued with, sworn at, and even beaten into cooperation. In times of great need, when the fate of the individual, or the nation is at stake, the horse enters as fully into the struggle as does his rider.

The universe was, at heart, like this—a chivalrous sort of place—for those who can appreciate chivalry; and very human: men drove hard bargains with destiny; they were scared of life, yet desirous of more life; tolerant of their own weakness, intolerant of all who opposed them; gross in morals, meticulous in rituals; respectable in public, loose in private; they bought indulgences for their sins and hoped that, in the end, God would prove himself a chivalrous gentleman, and not be too hard on other gentlemen.

There is, of course, no place in such a world for an automobile. An automobile will not hold together and give one more gasp merely because a doctor is hurrying to the bedside of a dying bishop; neither will it fall down and smash merely because some villain is running away with "the daughter of an honest woman." A load of "booze" is no heavier to an auto than is an equal weight of deacons. A faithful horse, or a chivalrous universe, will protect a lady in distress; and, maybe, in the long run, even the poor working girl. But what interest has the "family auto" in the fate of either? The horse used to bring the worn out reveler and the tired doctor home—the one to his mother's arms that he might repent before he died, the other to his well earned rest. Now, the auto, its steering wheel slipping from exhausted hands, flings them both into the telegraph pole and leaves their broken bodies as warnings that a mechanism does not supply its own intelligence. The universe of the auto, along with the auto itself, is no longer to be counted as either the Enemy or the Friend of men.

THIS, then, is the universe in which the younger generation now lives and does its speeding; and the automobile most fully indicates the nature of this universe. This universe, unlike that of the medievalist, no longer offers us "goods" and "bads" already made, and done up in classified parcels: it offers us nothing but the materials out of which we can make our own goods and evils. The horse, with the universe and the morality of the age of chivalry, are gone; or they linger in isolated corners of the belated world only. The auto, and the universe of the auto, are here; and our real problem is: can we make for ourselves a morality—an order of goods and of evils—consonant with the new age?

Some of the younger generation are answering this question by saying: "This is the age of the machine—and the machine knows no morality. Let's step on the gas, while we're young!" Others, by saying: "The coming of the machine has no bearing on the case: good is good, and bad is bad, yesterday, today and forever. Let's save the world from its own follies!" But others vaguely feel and sometimes say: "The ancient moralities are stifling, and the new non-moralities are preposterous: We must make for ourselves a moral order in harmony with the new universe of science and the machine!"

The automobile is but one of the latest items in a long line of inventions and discoveries by means of which the human race has gradually escaped the primitive, animistic world in which its life began. The bow and arrow was one of the first of these inventions. The wheel was another—the prophetic of this later one. Fire was an early symbol of the trend toward invention: fire burned in the torch of Prometheus, and scorched his liver, until he thought a vulture was gnawing at it. Fire promised the day of complete understanding, charming and frightening people at the same time. Gunpowder, with its cannons blowing down the citadels of Medievalism, was a most disconcerting invention: Like the auto, the cannon ball has no chivalry!

The steam engine was the most iconoclastic of inventions, initiating the real Age of Machinery, tearing whole populations loose from their ancient animistic rootages in their friendly village universes, and throwing them, willy-nilly, into the dehumanized industrial chaos of the nineteenth century. But every real invention, through the ages, has dissolved somewhat the ancient bonds and bounds, releasing a few more individuals and groups from the petty personal universe of their childhood, and making clearer toward the future the existence of this universe of non-moral, dependable mechanisms.

The automobile has come, first hand, to more individuals than any other mechanism the world has ever known. It is the embodiment of power in small, usable compass; it is more dependable than any other mechanism ever made. There is nothing animistic about it. It is a mechanism that works when its parts are there and its adjustments are adequate. It stops when those adjustments fail. No amount of arguing, or coaxing, or begging, or praying will avail to make it go, if an essential part is missing or an adjustment is out of order. And when the driver takes his seat, lays his hands upon the wheel and puts his foot on the gas, he gets a thrill of power such as no earlier generation of men has ever known. Perhaps his first experience of this sort stirs up in him a sense of primitive, animistic fear. But that soon wears off, and presently he finds that in the automobile there is absolutely nothing to be afraid of! And, if not in the automobile, why anything in the rest of the world?

So has the automobile struck, with finality, at the existence of Medievalism—throughout the length of common folk-society, as nothing ever before invented has been able to do. As a bit of machinery, it has come closer to this universal common life than anything else ever made; and whether we like it or not, it is banishing superstitious fear from nature to an amazing degree. Of course, we don't generally think of this result in that way—we think of it as "immorality" and "demoralization of the young." But calling names is futile: there can be no such thing as a permanent medieval world where this non-moral automobile exists. And, by the same token, there can be no permanent place in a universe of the automobile for the medieval type of mind, or for medieval morality! This is a freer age, and it implies free minds.

Yet the tragedy of our age is that, because of the belated character of our general social education, we have very few free minds. Most of our adult generation still lingers, officially, at least, in the medieval shadows using medieval classifications in dealing with these changing modern facts and conditions, and attempting at times to legislate those facts out of existence. What profit can the future hope to extract from such unintelligent methods and such immoral judgings? Shall the horse-shoer be permitted to tinker with the commutator of an automobile, merely because he was once mender-in-general to all who traveled the highways?

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And what shall be the future's profit from the thoughtless speeding of the "speed fiends," except, perhaps, that we may learn that even a motor may be over-driven, that even a machine has an integrity that must be respected? Or, what shall the world profit from the withdrawal of the "good young people" from affairs, save, perhaps, to realize, for the ten thousandth time, that humanity will never be saved by the superiorities of the self-righteous?

FOR here is the moral problem of the immediate future: When this young man finds himself with his hands on the steering wheel and his foot on the gas, he feels himself in contact with *power*—real, dependable, impersonal power. (He does not *know* that he feels these things: enough for him to enjoy—let others do the knowing!) Why should he not experiment with what lies to his hands, with what unrolls before his eyes, with what flows through him as the winds blow over him? He knows of little to reverence—except power, and, perhaps, the "mazuma" that will buy more power. He knows of nothing to which to pray— except, perhaps, the Gas Tank, that it may not fail until he gets to the next filling station—and he really knows that praying to a gas tank will have no effect upon the gas it contains. Power is his touchstone of reality: Can *it* (whatever *it* may be) "deliver the goods"? He did not make the automobile, nor the good roads. He found them ready to his hands, part of the accepted Reality of the modern world, its most acclaimed reality, perhaps.

But he feels (again without *knowing* it) a fundamental contradiction between these realities of the machine and the good roads and power on the one hand, and the medievalisms in education, in politics, in religion, in industrial relationships and in morality which make up so much of the content of our current life and belief, or at least of our habitual mental drift and professed belief, on the other. The former is real, dependable, intelligible and without prejudice; the latter are, to a very large degree, unreal, verbal, sentimental, fortuitous, undependable, irrational, prejudicial.

Yet the adult generation wants this young man to overlook the contradictions between these two areas of his experience, deny the more convincing reality of the machine and its power, and yield his will and his feelings and whatever intelligence he may have, or may hope to have, in loyalty and fealty to these traditional concerns. The moral problem of the immediate, and remote, future lies here: Will this youth surrender his own sense of reality, deny his own moral being, and accept the ancient ways? Or, will he hold to his own convictions as to the locus of reality, defend his own moral integrity, and undertake the task of building up about himself—with his automobile, his roadway and his consciousness of power—the substance of a new moral universe, in which he can ride in his automobile, know that he has contact with power and still maintain the integrity of his whole biological and intellectual being?

For there *is* a real contradiction here—the most real in all the modern world, though this contradiction is not distinctly modern. It is the same contradiction that Socrates dealt with, and for the discussion of which he was accused of corrupting the youth of Athens and was put to death. In the mutations of the ages, this contradiction between that which is convincingly real, so that it needs no shelter from the winds of criticism, and that which is merely verbal and unreal, and therefore, must be endlessly shielded, is being most emphatically presented to public attention, today, by that part of the younger generation which refuses to find satisfaction in anything save in the thing that satisfies, or reality in anything but the thing that is real. This is a most disconcerting state of affairs. This young person has little use for schools, with their verbalisms and pedantries; for churches, with their ancient pieties; for politics, with its mummeries and indirections; for Mrs. Grundy, with her snivelling nonsense. He is convinced by reality—by the thing that is real to him. The machine is real. The girl at his side is real. Money is real—for it buys power—and other real things. There are many real things; but nothing is real that isn't real. Calling a thing real, making signs over it, making orations over it, building a fence around it: such things "don't go"! Such things aren't done in a machine shop: *there* everything stands on its own legs, or it "flops." Not every sort of thing must have exactly the same reality as the machine has; but nothing can be real that hides itself behind shams, or pretensions, or traditions, or words!

This is, of course, the most honest, the most naive and the most necessary attitude in the world. People ought to like it and admire it. Unfortunately, they don't. They call it "world-wrecking" and "demoralizing"—and other question-begging epithets. At best they damn it with faint praise. Churches pass resolutions against it; national associations of moralists demand "a halt" in this presumptuous meddling with the moral values of the universe; and legislative bodies have everywhere been considering, and in some cases, adopting drastic measures of control: whipping posts, ducking stools, reform schools, probationary schemes, enforced moral and religious instruction.

Such methods rouse the ire or the laughter of the young. And so they laugh—and step on the gas; and still laughing, they wave their hands to us, five minutes later, as they go round the last corner and disappear: they have run clean out of the world of our conventional morals, forgotten us, our threats and our penalties, and are "on their way"; in a very real sense, they have taken the moral future of the race off with them.

WHAT might we have done—what still may we do? Well, the first duty of the moralist is to *try to understand.* But, understanding, in addition to being a troublesome and difficult matter, is very disconcerting, because intelligence absolutely refuses to bind itself, beforehand, as to what its ultimate conclusions in any investigation shall be. It does not blind itself with ancient platitudes about how "everything will come out all right"; or fool itself with the dogma that "what was once moral is forever moral." It knows that, in the long history of the race, the new morality needed for the new age has always emerged at the end of an inquiry; and it faces the world in that mood.

What, then, is the nature of this shy morality that refuses to show itself until, in one sense, the need of it is past? We may admit, at once, that in a changeless, "folkway" social order, morality is, as one may say, "always on tap": it is obedience to the "ways of the group"; conscience is a copying of the customs of the herd; and "the voice of the people is

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the voice of God." Anyone who wants that sort of morality can find it in any stagnant, changeless society.

But, in times of change, when groups are suffering disintegration (as at present); when many fragments of old groups throng the streets with their clamorous tongues; when no single "folkway" or community or social organization exists—what can morality be then? Then, it seems obvious, morality must become a puzzle to honest minds—to minds that cannot still isolate themselves in some selected fragment of an old custom. Under such circumstances, the individual conscience must undertake to make definite judgment as to the "right" or the "wrong" in each new instance of indecision; and, in matters of community argument and group decision, the voice of some single individual is more than likely to turn out to have been that voice of the future which later ages will set up as oracular and call The Voice of God. In such an age, morality, if it is not to stultify the intelligence of the age, must consent to become experimental, along with all the other genuine efforts and interests of men.

Morality is, under all circumstances, a function of the interplay between the individual and his group or community. In a changeless community, "the moral" is determined by a community relationship that has ceased to change and, therefore, involves no use of intelligence; in a changing world, "the moral" must be worked out in harmony with changing, emerging social interrelationships, and, therefore, it involves the continuous use of intelligence. In the one case, it's the old, past, decadent community that dominates the moral situation; in the other, it's the new, growing, living, hopeful, future community that dominates; and since the outlines of that future community are not yet clear and fully established, the moral meanings implied therein are not yet clear and fully established. If one wants a settled and unquestioning morality, let him find a settled and unquestioning community in which to live. But, if anyone insists upon living in a twentieth century community, of thronging fragments of individual and group hopes, aspirations and demands, with the endless attrition of group on group and folkway on folkway, let him accept the penalty attached, and undertake to bear his share of the job of working out, item by item, step by step, judgment by judgment, the new moral valuations and decisions which, in some long time, will give us the moral patterns of the new age.

And more than that: If anyone insists upon riding in an automobile, let him be intellectually honest enough to face the challenge which the automobile has thrown at the feet of all the traditional moralities. The morality of the automobile consists in this—that it contains no smallest bit or fragment or part that has been modelled on anything traditional; it is made of parts designed for use in the automobile, alone. It works because *use*, alone, controlled its designers. Some day we shall find out that that must be the criterion in the development of any sort of morality.

Now, however, we prefer to drift along. We cannot envisage change until it has been dramatized to us by some challenging individual, like Socrates, or by some spectacular development, like having seventeen million automobiles raging like mad through our medieval moralities. Then, of course, we classify, according to our ancient group categories: we put Socrates to death; and, while riding to the club in our automobiles, we condemn our young people for riding to the dance in theirs.

But we can't get away with it. We can't praise the auto for taking us to church, while condemning it for taking young people to the country. The contradiction is *not* in the automobile: it's in us. And, soon or late, we must face it. We shall probably prefer death—to thinking. But we can't die that easily. Nature has taken some ages to dig us up, and we are not likely to be let off any too easily. We may hold that thinking about moral questions is, itself, immoral; but in the long run we shall probably find that there is no way out of this present moral impasse save through the use of our intelligence.

THE automobile, and its impersonal power, have come to stay. They have a reality that is not possessed by phrases. But the machine and its power does not threaten morality, or education, or even religion. It threatens only those forms of morality, education and religion that depend upon phrases, or hocus-pocus, for their continuance. The automobile and power are real: they are of the universe. The morality, or education, or religion that is also real, that is *of* the universe, will have as much chance as the machine, or power, for continuance. But the automobile does not hesitate to change—in the interests of use, and in the face of new discoveries and inventions. Can morality, or education, or religion dare the same test? Any other sort of morality, or education, or religion will necessarily vanish along with all the other unrealities that the race has set its emotions upon in the various credulous moments of history; or, it will linger for a little longer, in some stagnant by-way, or belated mind, which assumes that by threats, or by prayers, or by legislative enactments, it can turn the course of the stream of time or dam up the flood of the years.

Humanity now seems grateful that, in the words of John Stuart Mill, "a man once lived by the name of Socrates," though the best the race could do with him in his own time was to send him to his death. Humanity now is grateful, too, perhaps, for the reconstructions that came in with the Renaissance, the Reformation and the birth of modern science, though, at the time, the best minds denounced those movements, did all they could to stop them, and put as many of their leaders to the torture or the death as they were able. The time may likewise come when the race will be grateful that in the twentieth century the troubled, uncertain, but adventurous part of the "younger generation" experimented with life—in automobiles and with power—and helped to explore the frontiers of the new moral world long promised by the explorers, inventors and scientists of all the ages: a universe in which mechanisms are neither good nor bad, in terms of human morality; a universe in which "the moral" is best to be defined, as Socrates defined it: "the conduct of an intelligent man"; in which religion becomes a joyful adventure into the moral future of the race; and in which education is the means of developing the capacity of the individual to make his own moral decisions—in the light of the facts at issue.

In such a universe, the automobile will not destroy; it will serve the uses of men. And in such a universe, an individual will be able to "live his own life," joyously and positively, and still have a real share in the whole life, past, present and future, of the human race.

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EDITORIALS

FOR generations mystery and horror have been attached to the very mention of cancer. People who do not shrink to utter the names of other deadly diseases talk euphemistically of "an incurable disease" or "a malignant growth." The treatment of insanity itself has hardly suffered more from fear and superstition, and the consequent delay, than has that of cancer.

Whether or not the British scientists have succeeded, as they believe, in isolating a micro-organism concerned with the development of cancerous growths in fowls and mice, the frank public discussion of their work must help in the campaign of education and encouragement which is being waged by organizations for the control of cancer. As those associations have pointed out repeatedly, cancer always appears first as a local affection. Chronic irritation of the body at some point, such as that produced by the chemicals used in certain occupations, or by a jagged tooth or pipestem, seems to predispose to its development at that spot. If it is recognized at the very start, the cancer can be destroyed in many cases by surgery or radiation, and the victim recovers. Ignored, that lawless growth of cells extends to involve the whole system, and leads invariably to death.

Scientists in laboratories in many parts of the world have worked on the assumption that a "germ" might play some part in the development of the disease. Notable work on that thesis has been done in this country by Dr. Peyton Rous, who succeeded in producing chicken sarcoma in laboratory animals by using a filtered virus taken from chicken tumors. That success seemed to point to the existence of an infective agent so infinitesimal as to pass through a filter, and it is such an organism that Dr. Gye and Mr. Barnard believe that they have detected by the disturbance of light rays in the course of their experiments at the laboratories of the Medical Research Council of England. Coming from such a source the announcement must arouse the interest of the whole scientific world, and keen anticipation of the detailed reports which are not yet available. Of special significance is the hint that Dr. Gye believes that there must be another predisposing element associated with this organism to produce cancer, and that that element accounts for the specific forms of cancer in particular tissues.

It must be pointed out, however, that chicken sarcoma is quite different from cancer in human beings, and that there will be need of the most careful study to detect a possible relationship there. Moreover, even the finding of a cause of cancer is only the first step toward a cure or for prevention. It is more than forty years since Koch found the tubercle of tuberculosis, and we still have no specific drug or remedy which will assuredly break down the wax case of that organism in the human body and destroy it without injuring the surrounding tissues.

For laymen in this year 1925 the immediate gain in the English announcement is its dramatic glimpse of the men throughout the world who are spending their lives in the fight against one of the great scourges of mankind, and its reiteration of the fact that cancer is no product of witchcraft or shame, but a disease about which we know exceedingly little. Perhaps there are decades of patient fruitless study ahead before some individual stroke of genius, or the synthesis of the work of many minds, will find a way to save the lives of people in whom the disease has been well established or to halt the disease process when discovered in its beginnings. In the meantime all hope lies in prompt diagnosis and equally quick and courageous treatment.

A year ago, on the tenth anniversary of the beginning of the World War, The Survey printed a group of articles on the outlook for world peace in the light of the experience of the decade just closing. James T. Shotwell described the American Draft Treaty for Security and Disarmament, for which its friends then had the brightest hopes. The year has dimmed those hopes, and the draft treaty seems to be entirely moribund. In another article James G. McDonald of the Foreign Policy Association presented Seven Roads to Peace—each a definite line of attack on war which had won the earnest support of some group in this country. Along those seven roads the United States, by official action, has traveled not at all during the twelvemonth. But there has been progress among the peace-lovers toward fusing separate plans—some of which had commanded sectarian rather than general support—into a workable minimum program on which all could unite in an effort to win sufficient public opinion to lead to government action.

Last month a significant step in this direction was taken by a group of twenty-six peace leaders, who, though they were careful to make it plain that they acted as individuals, represented an interesting variety of opinion. Among them were Professor Shotwell, Judge Julian W. Mack and other prominent students of international affairs, including League of Nations adherents like Justice Clarke; Christian pacifists like Kirby Page and E. C. Carter; S. O. Levinson, who introduced the phrase "outlawry of war" into the American movement and heads the American committee which urges that as the paramount method of bringing peace; and a generous sprinkling of men and women from other groups. These leaders unite in offering a program of which the essentials may be summarized as follows:

1. The immediate adherence of the United States to the Court Protocol, with the Harding-Hughes-Coolidge reservations.
2. The explicit outlawry of war by individual declaration of

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the nations which have accepted the Court, and the calling of an international conference for joint action to the same end, for the codification of "international law of peace," and for the establishment of affirmative jurisdiction over international controversies in the Permanent Court of International Justice.

3. An understanding that the United States may withdraw from the Court after two years and that its membership will definitely terminate after five, if the other signatory nations fail to take the steps just specified.

This is clearly a much more general and perhaps more flexible program than the American Draft Treaty; it attempts less, and lacks the precision and edge which the definition of aggression gave that protocol. But as a basis on which those who put prime emphasis on outlawry of war and those who rely on the growing usefulness of the World Court can join forces it should play its part in the slow task of leavening American opinion during the twelfth year after the world went mad.

THE announcement on July 14 by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey that it had abandoned the twelve-hour day in favor of a work day of eight hours contained information which must have awakened very general surprise. To thousands it was a fresh revelation that the oil industry, the most phenomenally prosperous of all American industries, had adhered to the twelve-hour two-shift working schedule from the time the first oil well was drilled in 1859 to this year of our Lord 1925.

Nearly three years ago Robert S. Lynd reported in The Survey his study of conditions in the oil fields of the Elk Basin, where one man in three worked a twelve-hour day seven days a week. In commenting on that article, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., wrote in the same number:

> I believe that generally speaking the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week should no longer be tolerated in industry, either from the viewpoint of public policy or of industrial efficiency; I believe that both have been proven to be unnecessary, uneconomic and unjustifiable. As a matter of general policy, subject only to the demands of occasional emergency, modern industry is justified in accepting the eight-hour day and the six-day week, as a labor standard toward which all the parties should steadily press.

The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey now appears as a pioneer in this reform; generally throughout other fields the twelve-hour day still prevails.

Plans for the adjustment of the working force to the new schedule of hours are reported to have been worked out at a joint conference of executives representing both the company and the employees. It is interesting that the employee representatives should have been unanimous in agreeing to share the financial risks of the change. Drillers who received $1 an hour or $12 a day are to receive $1.25 an hour or $10 a day. Tool-handlers, who received about 83 cents an hour or $10, will receive $1 an hour or $8 a day. Clearly, in the light of such evidence the old argument that workers prefer the twelve-hour day will no longer hold. Men work twelve hours a day at dirty and monotonous work because their choice lies between that and hunger.

There is reason to hope that the action of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey in adopting the eight-hour schedule is the forerunner of similar action by all companies in the oil fields. Shortly before the United States entered the war the various oil refineries throughout the country went over from the two-shift to the three-shift arrangement. There was some debate at the time as to whether the Standard or one of the "independents" had led the way. Certainly the Standard was in a position of leadership, and its action seems to have been decisive so far as the refineries were concerned. If the action taken by the New Jersey Company does not prove equally effective in influencing other companies to follow its example, there will be good ground for subjecting the oil industry to the same kind of public pressure which for upwards of two decades was brought to bear on steel.

IT is easy to laugh at the Dayton show—at the naive eagerness of this little American town for the front-page opportunity of a century; at the hot-dog stands where Dayton reaps a harvest of silver while honest bewilderment prevents the reaping of a harvest of information; at the bickering over the partisanship of a morning prayer to the Deity; at the warning to the jury—one of the twelve a man who cannot read—not to listen to the loud-speaker till the judge had decided whether a summary of contemporary science was legally fit for their ears; at the bandying about of apes and the offer of a circus freak as an aid to judicial enlightenment; at the whole incredible jumble of bad tempers and bigotries.

But New York can hardly afford to laugh at Tennessee for seeking to limit teaching in the name of the Bible: in 1921 New York sought to limit teaching in the name of patriotism. Oregon had best be silent: the Supreme Court has but recently prevented Oregon from restricting teaching under the slogan of No Popery; New York city has tried to tinker with historical textbooks; colleges and universities from sea to sea—some of them among those where there is talk of administering an academic snub to Tennessee—have been ridding themselves of men who claimed the right to free minds in questions affecting war and peace and economic justice.

The truth is that between science and the sanctities—sanctities of property, of creed, of code, of cherished half-truths—the gulf is as wide as eternity. An American preacher has been apologizing in Scotland for our primitive intellectual state by asking his hearers to remember how big the United States is and how long a reach education must have to penetrate its remoter areas. The apology is plausible, but the truth lies deeper. The separation is not geographical but psychological; it lies between the mind which is still medieval in its reliance upon authority—or upon that emotional fixation of beliefs which hides its authoritative origin behind the familiar face of habit and respectability, and the mind which is unreservedly experimental. In this number two aspects of that cleavage are given consideration: the great obsession in industrial relations (p. 473) and the baffling irrelevancy of our medieval *mores* and a machine civilization (p. 493).

Dayton, thanks to the newspapers and to the loud-speakers and all the other paraphernalia of publicity, has dramatized the conflict in a farcical tragedy. But let him that is without dogma among us cast the first stone.

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

What Do You Believe?

THE heresy trial in Tennessee seems degenerating into a mushroom piece of circus publicity, midsummer copy for the hungry newspapers, (who had the movie rights at the trial of Joan of Arc?), and we fear for both science and religion. They have too many attorneys. The wee small voice of conscience is not used to such a din; and the breathless balances of science will register only chaos in these winds of doctrine. The trial of our faith is surely worth more dignity. But the clamor may have one beneficent outcome. It may set people to asking secretly: Well, what do *I* believe?

So I have been reading some of the many books in which men of all sorts have suddenly taken to telling what *they* believe. The air is clamorous with *credo*. There seems to be some cycle in books like the cycle of great sun spots that revolves in each eleven years. The year 1925 is the maximum and many wise men believe that the present perturbations in our planet—the torridity, the tornadoes, and the earthquakes—are born in the spotted sun. At all events in print we have passed from the Outlines that followed the end of the great War through the volcanic outburst of biographies which seems to have reached its climax with the life of John L. Sullivan, the prize-fighter, and passed beyond in that recent volume The Queen of Cooks—the story of Rosa Lewis who fed kings and always cooked the asparagus herself. Now the literary orbit has passed among the shooting stars of faith. Let us examine some of them to discover what these men do believe, and whether by any chance they believe the same thing. They offer clearer reports of the battle between science and religion than do newspaper communiques from Dayton, Tennessee.

The Honorable Bertrand Russell is believing all over the place. Something seems to be worrying the man. First in Icarus, one of the Today and Tomorrow series (Dutton), he told us of the sinister influence of science on the world and the dangers of its exploitation. He was gloomy with the awful gloom of the Cambridge mind revolving *in vacuo* with chilled-steel precision. The end he foresaw proved to be the unification of a world under a nation or group of nations, probably despotic and militaristic. This book made Dean Inge sound like Pollyanna. But outside of his mind, Mr. Russell is an amiable and tender-hearted Socialist. He didn't really enjoy his role of intellectual nihilist, and he has told of his real faith in two new creeds—What I Believe, and How to Be Free and Happy.

Mr. Russell believes God and immortality find no support in science. God is hypothesis outside the region of even probable knowledge; and it is rational to suppose that mental life ceases when bodily life ceases. He declares, however, that psychic research is scientifically correct in procedure, and may at any moment produce evidence to convince the reason that survival is the best explanation of the phenomena under study. But survival, he hedges, does not mean immortality; it may mean only a postponement of psychical death. One main item in his creed is hatred of fear: "Fear has been the source of most religions; fear has been the source of most moral codes . . . and fear is at the bottom of all that is bad in the world." Both books dwell on the need to rid ourselves of fear. Indeed, I am struck with the fact that almost all of these thinkers, whether religious or scientific, hate fear. It is the negation of the austere courage of science and denies the consolations of faith. Russell says: "I believe that when I die I shall rot and nothing of my ego will survive. . . . But I would scorn to shiver with terror at the thought of annihilation. . . . Even if the open windows of science at first make us shiver after the cosy indoor warmth of traditional humanizing myths, in the end the fresh air brings vigor, and the great spaces have a splendor of their own." The Victorian age, he believes, for all its humbug, was a period of rapid progress because men were dominated by hope rather than fear.

Nature as a cosmic reality is neither good nor bad, and not concerned to make us happy or unhappy. But in a philosophy of value, we create the values; in this realm we are kings and need not bow down to Nature. "It is for us to determine the good life, not for Nature—not even for Nature personified as God." He then defines the good life as one inspired by love and guided by knowledge. Love is an emotion on one side pure delight in contemplation, and on the other, pure benevolence. "To live the good life . . . a man must have a good education, friends, love, children, (if he desires them) a sufficient income to keep him from want and grave anxiety, good health, and work which is not uninteresting. All these things depend, in varying degree, upon the community and are helped and hindered by political events. The good life must be lived in a good society and is not fully possible otherwise." Finally science can if it chooses "enable our grandchildren to live the good life, by giving them knowledge, self-control, and characters productive of harmony rather than strife." Such lives, Mr. Russell argues, in both tracts, should be expansive and creative. He thinks we need more leisure and a better ideal of private happiness, which must include sexual freedom and the right to have children or refuse them. In short, we must control our own heavens, and make the most of this life by bending science to our service. The consolations of religion are needful only for the thwarted and fearful.

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J. Arthur Thomson, who was responsible for the Outline of Science, gives us a very modern and reconciling view of the struggle in his Science and Religion. He believes they are not mutually exclusive, but support each other. After a fascinating resume of the wonders of the new atom, relativity and the modern radiant physics, he states quite clearly this conclusion: "When we study the powers in the world, we find that as science advances, the world becomes more and more interpretable as the working out of a Divine Thought." He quotes with approval J. S. Haldane's remark: "The life of such a man as Charles Darwin is in truth a standing proof of the existence of God."

Indeed, we wonder whether the whole bitterness could not be resolved if we simply accepted good John Fiske's dictum: "Evolution is the way God works."

We cannot restate all the wealth of illustration that makes every page of Thomson inspiring. But he does not dodge. He preaches against the danger of leaving "mind" out of our sciences. He has a chapter on Psychology and Religion. He follows the arguments of evolution step by step, and he has even added three very erudite appendices on Relativity, the Quantum Theory, and States of Matter. This book is both religious *and* scientific—though its religion is not the dogma of any sect. He finds in Science as well as Religion—unity, law, and beauty. His universe resolves itself into electricity and mind. He "ventures to maintain that the world described by science is one in which the religious mind can breathe freely" for these reasons (1) science discloses the intelligibility, the unity, the order, and the advance of Nature; (2) in the advance of Nature with the gradually increasing dominance of "mind" and with Man as a "not unworthy climax" there is a cumulative suggestion of purpose—but purpose cannot reside in the System of Nature; it must be referred to an Author; (3) certain great trends in Organic Evolution are in line with man's endeavors after progress; (4) Science itself is a phenomenon suggestive of a deep significance in Nature. Here is a wise and gentle ambassador from Science to Religion whom Religion should welcome. If it be he descended from apes, he is ascending toward God.

And as a Christian who believes that Christ was God, that he performed miracles, and was resurrected from death, James Priceman might well confer with Arthur Thomson. For James Priceman—the pseudonym of an author well known in other fields—has candor and serenity and a faith that is impressive in its simple dependence on the Christ of the Gospels. Chaos and a Creed is the attempt of one layman to put in words his own creed. He is not a sentimental ignoramus defending a cowardly faith. But he is definitely on the other side, and he relishes the fight, as a Christian should. "People fight over religion only when it is very much alive. . . . While the fact of evolution seems to me too obvious for question, I cannot unqualifiedly subscribe to the ape-and-accident theory. . . . To attribute a belief in God solely to the sublimation of the animal instinct of self-preservation is an assumption that for my own intellect is far too facile and too glib. To explain how the idea of God came to exist in the mind of man is not to explain how the idea of man came to exist in the mind of God. . . . To assert that the long history of humanity from nothingness to sublimity is only one long-continued chapter of accidents is beyond the farthest reach of my credulity." You see here is a bold challenger, and one who knows the weapons of the other side, and talks a language that is clear and noble. Indeed, the style of "Mr. Priceman" might be used as an argument for Christianity. It is of extraordinary simple loveliness. And so always it seems to me the Christian writer attains a beauty that the scientist never gains. Beauty is part of Bertrand Russell's ideal good life; but it is part of Priceman's real book. Perhaps the rationalists' style fails in humility, for as Mr. Priceman says: "It is the dogmatism of the rationalists that makes me distrust them."

Mr. Priceman believes that this world has a transcendent plan and his book is the fruit of a long suppressed impulse "to speak out" once for all his answer to the agnosticism and the cynicism implicit in half the people he meets and in nine-tenths of the volumes he reads. He is not greatly impressed with the churches which often "prove too much." "It is impossible for me to believe more than Jesus asks of me to believe. But the churches go far beyond the demands of Jesus in creed, although they stop far short of his demands in conduct." The book itself is a study of the background, personality, and deeds of Jesus, done with such a freshness of approach and a kind of noble common sense that the book remains in mind as the most religious and inspiring testimony of faith that the whole controversy has produced. It is refreshing to have an acute and well-stocked intellect stand on its own feet and tell you why it believes that Jesus did miracles and rose from the dead. You may not believe with this man, but you respect him for both courage and conviction.

This book Why I Am A Spiritual Vagabond by Thomas L. Masson is not significant for what it contains either on science or religion but for its existence at all. Mr. Masson was for twenty-eight years an editor of Life, and is now the editor of the funny page of the Saturday Evening Post. His training and occupation are not such as to predispose toward an interest in religious thought. Yet here is his creed, worked out in some detail, to prove the existence of his interest. He is evidence of the outburst of religious feeling and speculation. The volume itself is a kind of combination of get-religion-quick, practical mysticism, and a defense of the utilitarian gifts of religion—good health, peace of mind, and kindly relations with one's neighbors. The style makes me retract what I said above about the gift of fine words going with the religious rather than the rational. Here is no gift of words at all—though Mr. Masson has made his living by them. The writing is a sort of bombastic journalese, with the snippy sentences and short paragraphs and exaggerated emphasis learned from the advertising pages of ephemeral periodicals. But in so far as this humorist has risen to give his testimony and is moved by a desire to share with the rest of us some moving and beautiful spiritual experience, he is wholly admirable. There is need for many sorts of interpreters for so universal and many-sided a realm as modern religion.

READING these books is encouraging. They show critical intelligence inspired by love and wistfulness. They are not all thought well, but they are every one felt well! Their common hopes are far greater than their dogmatic antagonisms. They are almost unanimously against both the narrow church theology and the equally narrow scientific pessimism. Men are getting together in a real

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faith and as I see that faith it is: that life can be made beautiful and kind if men but take thought within themselves to make it so. They all—even the Cambridge mathematician, preach the ancient virtues, faith, hope, and charity.

LEON WHIPPLE

WHAT I BELIEVE *by Bertrand Russell, F.R.S. Dutton. 87 pp. Price $1.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
HOW TO BE FREE AND HAPPY *by Bertrand Russell. Rand School of Social Science. 46 pp. Price $0.75 postpaid of The Survey.*
SCIENCE AND RELIGION *by J. Arthur Thomson. Scribner. 280 pp. $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
CHAOS AND A CREED *by James Priceman. Harper. 270 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
WHY I AM A SPIRITUAL VAGABOND *by Thomas L. Masson. Century Co. 351 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

The Mormon Moses

MR. WERNER who delighted us with his life of Barnum, our great American bamboozler, has made a second striking departure from the old-fashioned eulogistic biography in this revelation of the great Mormon apostle. In bringing Brigham Young under the limelight, he proves himself original and no less courageous because in view of so much previous sardonic criticism, writing unemotionally about Young is a daring task. But Werner bows his hero in and out with no other emotions than the historian's passion for fact, the biographer's sense of the readable, and his own sense of humor. His humor, like a two-edged sword, cuts both ways, furnishing meat for low brows and high brows at the same stroke. For those who come for amusement, there is a laugh on every page. This hero poses well in the comic role of a much married man and the father of a numerous progeny.

But the author cuts much deeper by introducing Brigham as statesman, pioneer, and organizer. With one hand he was the high priest of his theocracy, and with the other, the temporal ruler of his people. We often discover Brigham playing the role of the quick-change artist, one moment to his elbows in the mundane affairs of state, the next immersed in the spiritual matters of the church. He plays his parts so well that even the cynic lays down the book with a profound admiration for the Mormon Moses.

The first part of the book is given over to the story of Mormonism and its founder, Joseph Smith. One reviewer noted this, and marvelled how "such a whale as Brigham could have swallowed such a Jonah as Smith." He did swallow Joseph (as Werner admits) but that doesn't weaken the story the least. The lives of the two men are so linked in the beginning and both so interwoven with the rise of the church that Werner had no choice. So he begins with a general survey of the social and religious setting out of which his hero emerged.

Joseph and Brigham were reverse sides of the coin. God talked to Joseph and Joseph passed the inspiration on to Brigham. Joseph dreamed but Brigham worked. Joseph would flee from place to place that he might have peace for holy communion. Brigham was content to leave this task to Joseph; he was the practical man, the carpenter and builder. He executed the dreams of Joseph, the visionary and architect. If he ever veered from this course it was not until his later years.

Immediately after Joseph's death Brigham turned the face of his persecuted sect westward. How he transported thousands to the valleys of the mountains is a fascinating story, but how he organized these thousands into a cooperating commonwealth is more interesting still. Paralleling the tales of polygamy, missionary work, the gold rush, and so forth, is the no less interesting description of a unique social experiment. The building of the Mormon community could be made the theme of another fascinating book. Werner goes no further than to recognize here a new order of American agrarian life.

Very naturally the central theme of the book is polygamy. Here Werner waxes funny. Doubtless there are many of the older Mormons who will not appreciate his sense of humor. Still he seems to be both frank and fair. So much so that he is likely to hear objections from the anti-Mormon camp as well. For instance, he tells us, among other things not generally known, that the women were the most ardent advocates of polygamy. One woman even went so far as to reverse the biblical precedent of Jacob and volunteered to work seven years in one of Brigham's households for the privilege of being added to his coterie of wives at the end of her servitude. The feelings of Mormon women have changed considerably.

Building up Zion was no simple task in pioneering. There were Indians, crickets, drought, crop failures and active opposition from the East. Brigham fed the Indians and so got on well on that score, but the other difficulties had to be endured. Regardless of what they suffered or how they worked it seemed that the settlers were always facing insecurity. They compensated themselves by accepting toil and suffering as the indispensable tests of virtue and the ultimate measure of salvation. To this end Brigham preached the gospel of work, endurance and cooperation. The crowning quality was the last, as Werner so well illustrates in his chapter on Cooperative Zion.

In spite of all the opposition the East could bring to bear the population of Zion passed 60,000 before the first decade of settlement. The new converts were largely recruited from the cities of the East, from the British Isles and Scandinavia. They were chiefly tradesmen and not fitted for the pastoral and agricultural life Brigham wished them to lead. Nor were some of the farmers who gathered with the converts better prepared for the new agrarian life: that of irrigation. The first few years were necessarily lean until by trial and error the settlers had adapted themselves to an irrigation economy, which was cooperative.

Brigham Young was not slow to recognize the new property value acquired by water in irrigation-based communities. He saw that it could become, through private monopoly, a great engine for exploitation. The only alternative was community ownership and for this he stood foursquare. Cooperation worked so well in the ownership of water that the principle found expression in other activities. Brigham was so enthusiastic about it that in a few places out and out communism was ventured, but with limited success. In matters of this kind Brigham's judgment was so generally accepted as final that the people permitted themselves to be shunted here and there at the will of their leader. If one settlement had no miller and there were two in another settlement one of the millers would be "called" to move to the place where his services were needed. In this manner all the settlements were knit into a more or less self-sustaining whole. By this means Brigham dispatched settlers to all available streams and valleys of the inter-mountain region. Thus the Mormons preempted at a very early date most of the territory they still hold.

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On the disintegrating side Brigham struggled against the invading influences from without. In the days of polygamy when persecution was so bitter; when the Gentiles went so far as to send an army to punish the Mormon leaders, it was relatively easy to maintain order within. With the passing of polygamy active opposition has faded by degrees. With its passing has come a gradual yielding to outside influences. It began in the declining years of Brigham Young and continues at an increasing rate until Mormons are becoming so much like other folks that Brigham wouldn't know his own people if he visited Zion today.

NELS ANDERSON

BRIGHAM YOUNG *by M. R. Werner. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 478 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

The Village Behaviorists

Ami. What's that ducdame?
Jacques. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.
Act 2, Scene 6—As You Like It

JOHN POWYS in this queer story with the queer name remains a better lecturer than novelist. Here, in the manner of the new psychology, he has drawn a circle around several rather inhuman and unreal people, of no particular clime, and then proceeded to work out their destiny behavioristically.

Rook Ashover, last of a long line of English aristocrats, is in a very modern dilemma. Shall he live, marry, and complete the narrow existence of the country squire, according to his ancestral tradition, or shall he be the Pioneer who seeks the greater freedom, repudiating duties, trampling on ideals he judges false, and profaning the idols? For a while he becomes the iconoclast. Netta Page, bar-maid and actress, is brought into his home as his mistress. The sanctity of an English home is violated by such a falling away. No true squire ever brings his mistress home! Rook moreover proves a "cold sensualist" seeking pleasure in universal woman. Next he plays around with his scheming, beautiful cousin.

Complications follow. Rook must have an heir. Anne, his cousin, seems to be the only fertile female in Ashover village. She soon drives away the mistress, entangles and marries Ashover—the Wild Rook has been tamed. *Mortua vivescent.* The dead must live! That, however, is not all. We must go on and on. Rook, with his brother Lexie, is sporting with Nell Hastings, wife of the village clergyman, a weak little sentimentalist who dreads her demonic husband. Mr. Powys weaves his skeins so we have the all-important heir to the Ashover line, and reaches a powerful climax when the morbid pastor, Hastings, in his misanthropic madness, murders Rook just as Lady Anne gives birth to an Ashover boy.

In the Hardy manner, the real hero—or shall I say heroine?—of this novel is a fecund, and at the same time moribund, nature. Mr. Powys is a magnificent naturalist; he understands and interprets the subtle nuances of the all-pervading elemental power. But he overdoes it. At every turn, with each reflection, in every motif, he is a naturalist or a botanist or a zoologist, but not a novelist. Perhaps indeed "a certain taint of sadness, of death, is inseparably connected with all the higher manifestations of the true beauty." But the sadness of nature is not the principal beauty we want in a novel. Humans are sometimes beautiful.

F. N. TRAGER

DUCDAME *by John Cowper Powys. Doubleday-Page. 458 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

The National Council of Jewish Women

Its Efforts for World Peace

WORLD COOPERATION

May, 1923: Summoned World Conference of Jewish Women at Vienna, to discuss post-war problems

THE WORLD COURT

November, 1924: Adopted the following resolution at its Tenth Triennial Convention:

"Be It Resolved That the National Council of Jewish Women urge that Congress at the coming session authorize the entrance of the United States into the World Court."

PEACE PROGRAM

A National Committee on Peace promotes a peace program among the 228 constituent Sections of the Council in the United States and Canada

January, 1925: One of the nine national women's organizations participating in the Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, Washington, D. C.

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and ideas can be suddenly transmuted,—as by any mere change of government, be this of revolution or of reaction, or by any other specific panacea—must be more or less dreaming in their unobservant sleep. So there is nothing for it but to go on with our surveys of our tree, branch by branch, even leaf by leaf at times, and again of all these seen together as far as may be. But thus we are started upon what is the very essence of all research; a matter to which, as we have seen, the very schoolboy can in principle be initiated. We thus cannot much longer keep it out of school and training college courses, and only expect it from our few candidates for the doctorate in the universities.

To any botanist, interested also in human affairs, it is a very curious experience that he finds that those who think their world fixed and practically settled—be this for good or ill matters not—are always surprised by the question "Have you ever seen the foliage, flower, and even fruit, of next year?" Their answer is in the negative. But there on the nearest appletree, plain before their eyes, are the buds of next year, "foliage-buds" and "fruit-buds" too. A peep at a section through the microscope shows next year's leaves already forming, crowded upon their tiny axis, which will so swiftly stretch out as the long leafy shoot next spring. Nor do we find that he of the converse revolutionary spirit is likely to have seen this either, for all his talk of "change" and "progress." Comte, Spencer, Ward, and many later sociologists have all insisted on the necessity of biology as a preparation for sociology: but we have left this proposition too much in the abstract; so nothing gets done; public education sticks too much as it was. Until we adjust such specific biological and social observations, and interpret them in harmonious groupings, we cannot hope for adequate popularisation of either science; still less for a fuller understanding of life simpler and life more evolved; and of these throughout their growths and phases.

Again notice the living twig of the tree before us; and see how each leaf, however the worse for tear and wear, is none the less mothering its bud for next year. Thence visualize the tree, the orchard, the forest, and these throughout the wide world; thereafter do we not feel more emancipated from both the current rival schools, of revolution and of reaction? Aye, even see them as life-blind quarrelers in the dark? And though this be also the winter of our discontent, shall we not all the more take courage in assured hopefulness of the returning spring?

IV.

LET us observe root as well as branch of our tree of knowledge, and visualize the leaf-molds of earlier cultures, from which our advancement of learning draws its sap.

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Herein we find the key to the paradox that our review of the sciences bespeaks not only a return to nature, but the indispensable renewal of education, as *truly* classic.

Our generation's task has been too much merely that of emancipating ourselves, or at least our children, from the dead verbiage of Latin, of Greek, of Hebrew, entombed in dull pseudo-logical grammars, in pedantic commentaries and ponderous lexicons. We have too long gone to school to outworn pedants of the decay of the Renaissance, with their centuries of formal composition and verse-making, not a line of which has lived, since so few deserved to. Conversely, the truer scholars have been busy in the re-excavation and recovery of classic cities, in the re-appreciation of their art, the re-translation of their drama. Above all, we are recovering their essential secrets. Thus Hellenism, with all its mythologies, was poetizing the life of man at its fullest and brightest, so that the Olympians were types of the phases of life, and the Muses the moods of its spirit. These were the true immortals, latent anew in every child. Here then is social heritage, as true as any organic "heredity"; since in our own human possibilities, yet more in those of our children, who may thus more fully live out their lives. For though in heredity, our ancestors deeply determine us, as to heritage we choose our ancestors. That indeed is what libraries and universities are for helping us to do.

So too our sociology will not much longer be content with mere "consciousness of kind," mere "herd-instincts," "mob-impulses" or other pallid abstractions of modern democracy, too often at its weakest and worst. We see that it is the region and its villages, its towns, above all its true cities, that yield the essential and substantial material of social science; so we have to survey and interpret all these. (Hence The Survey!)

On what lines of interpretation? The developmental of course, the evolutionary; brushing aside therefore the pre-evolutionary psychology and economics still lingering in so many of the universities, yet also in other "dark places of the earth," as are too much also its business cities. For the writer this emancipation in youth from such debased mythologies was not merely from upbringing in nature, nor from Emerson, Ruskin and Carlyle, and the poets; but notably also through having to write, now some forty years ago, the article Parasitism (Animal) for the Britannica. With all the known kinds of parasites, innumerable loathsome forms, marshalled and reviewed, and seen as all more or less degenerates from better stocks, their interpretation stood out clear. What was the evil spell under which so many forms of life had fallen, and are falling still? How is it that their young so often look at first like those of undegenerate kindred, and may for a time seem as full of life and energy? Why do they settle down, and lose youth and its perfection day by day? Why does the bright eye fade, even disintegrate and vanish, leaving its owner in darkness? Why do the keen sensitive feelers vanish, the brain-ganglion stop growing, and go back almost to nothingness? And yet active growth, multiplication even thousand or million fold, yet only to an inert bag when life is matured and complete? Why? Because the creature has adopted the utilitarian philosophy, the very economic doctrine which my own professor of that truly dismal science had so clearly expounded to me a few years before. For what such parasites aim at, and obtain in practical perfection, is exactly that ample and perfect nutrition, that successful and rapid increase of population, that escape from toil, and into general ease of living, that perfect security and safety—exactly that "progress" we have all so long been taught to strive for! Progress indeed, but whitherward? Into degeneracy.

In short there are species by thousands, even tens of thousands, which have thus completely anticipated our hedonistic psychology and our utilitarian economics. So correspondingly, these psychologists and economists, with their politicians of

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course to match, have essentially been formulating for their own species in modern times the like process of degeneracy: so their indices and tests of progress, their all-essential doctrine of "happiness," turn out to be of the wrong sort. Since as classifiers of species of all kinds, we have to find names for them, what better—in all their varieties (capitalistic or socialistic here mattering little) than one which adds a single letter, for precision, to their own—Futilitarians!

What then is the real path of progress throughout the organic world? Most briefly, that illuminated by "the bright eyes of danger," that which climbs up Hill Difficulty, instead of evading it. For such paths involve the active use of all the organs and activities that the other choice leaves passive, and thus decay. Nor this merely as regards survival; but also, and yet more significantly, progress is through the evolution and cooperation of the sexes, and this towards the life and care of offspring. Self-interest has no program of education, nor even any economy of resources for its successors. It leaves its more degraded but more candid representatives to say outright—"What has posterity done for us, that we should care for posterity?" Is not that, for evolutionary biology—not to speak of sociology or morals—the supreme blasphemy, of Life?

The very word "happiness" has been so degraded and abused that we now need other terms, and fuller concepts, to express the psychologic urge, and organic drive of being, the élan of life. Observe this in the highest class of beings the Mammalia, distinguished not—as Futilitarians, and their politicians, so constantly think—by their masculine vigor of predation or of war, but essentially by the degree and development of their special character—and name—of mothering. This comes of no mere passive happiness, of safety and secured wellbeing—goal of our middle-class retired business men or their politicians, and their moderately endowed professors. It comes first of all through the impassioned ecstacy of sex, which no fears, much less insecurities, can restrain, and which is ever rising above survival-considerations altogether. It culminates in the agony of birth, greatest in our own most developed species, and so far seeming-increasing as it advances. It further gathers head in an unprecedented and also assuredly increasing time and toil, towards care of offspring. On this prolonged nurturing—as all mankind has ever seen, yet left to John Fiske to especially develop its significance—has turned the superior and continued evolution of man.

V.

WHEN we find in old writings—even though these may have lost their formal authority for many of us—the conception of a contrast —between life on one side as a broad and easy way of safety, prosperity, security, and on the other side as a narrow path of difficulty and danger towards quite contrasted ideals, high and hard to reach—we shall not go far wrong in identifying the former as an ancient, yet truly classic, delineation of arrest, degeneracy and parasitism; and the latter as portrayal, in the vivid terms of an earlier epoch, of ascending evolution, in which life functions at higher and higher levels, and at cost whatever efforts and pains of higher adaptation.

Such past hostility of science toward religious teachings as there has been was essentially with the claims which used to be put forward for these as final authorities, thus limiting our scientific freedom of enquiry into the world of nature and the ways of man. We have resisted these claims of such guardians, and still do so: but when we thus find that the literature they cherish, has long ago anticipated our modern studies of life, in its evolutionary forking of alternative roads, we are bound to acknowledge their priority.

Let me affirm then, from a long lifetime's experience of the toils and joys of botanical, zoological and anthropological studies, that there is no more fascinating or fruitful field for

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evolutionary study than that of religion.* From the present naturalistic approach, this becomes nothing less than the interpretation of human life, in terms of the highest ideals its founders have attained, and their highest exponents could express. It hence becomes for us a comparative study of previous theories of evolution—not especially of organic evolution, nor in a world made in six days, but of psychological, social and moral evolution, illuminating us at every turn.

So when my Indian students of sociology ask me "what to read," I say, "Do not forget your own sacred books; but read carefully also those of other peoples and faiths. Though, as you know, I am not in the least here as a missionary to convert you, I must say I know of nothing in the literature of sociology to compare with the Hebrew (and Christian) Scriptures. For here (whatever else) you have a comparatively simple society, of an unusually gifted people, in a small region, given over essentially to agriculture, yet with growing towns of their own, and one amazing culture-City. Moreover all this region and city was surrounded throughout its history by the successive Great Powers of the past. Hence a literature of many kinds, from early patriarchal times onwards, to kingly and imperial. And thus not only records of priceless value for the chequered history of civilization, but more; reflections upon life by many successive thinkers, and at all levels, from the homeliest folk-wisdom in proverbial aphorisms, to the most penetrating and outspoken criticisms ever penned of all these forms and states of society, throughout their ups and downs, their deteriorations and renewals. Of such society then we have a presentment surpassing those of any other civilization. And beyond this not only a wealth of great poetry, but an idealisation of individual conduct, of family and social life, and of region and city, in the main unsurpassed elsewhere in the historic world. Indeed thus, with science, Re-religion is in the making. So—

Stand up to critic science,
Good Christian, Moslem, Jew!
The things you read in Sacred Books
(Long since revealed to you)
In solemn and archaic tone,
—Respond to in a reverent moan,
On Sunday—Friday—Sat.—
Though seldom brought outside for use
Are capable of that!
Throughout the rest of week, they're—true!!!
—Clear Social Science, that!

VI.

NOW let us return to that correlation between the simple occupational life and its high scientific achievement with which we began; recall the belated entrance of the scientist to the full professional status of the church and the law; and his kinship to the manual worker, whom indeed he experimentally continues. Hence the fact is, that science and its researches can no more be produced by city institutions apart from the nature-contacts from which they arose, and on which they depend for continued life, than can roses be grown in flower vases. A zoological station like Wood's Hole, on Cape Cod —a real fishery-place—is thus more productive than can be college departments without it; and this in the proportion of direct first-hand contacts with the life of the sea. Thus the modest station of Roscoff in Brittany was in my time far more really educative than the magnificent and better-known institution at Naples. For at Roscoff we roughed it as comrades, and went out to sea and shore, with sailor-fishermen, themselves true naturalists.

Consider, for example, with the critical eye of common sense, a great national and central educational British institution like the Royal School of Mines and Museum of Practical Geology. Where in common sense should that be situated?

* Of Papers of Conference on Living Religions of the Empire (London University and Sociological Society, 1924)

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In the heart of a mining-centre, one would naturally say; like that of Freiberg in Saxony: surely not where no mining is, was, or can be; and where nothing of geology in nature can ever again be seen. But this is to forget that "Royal" indicates metropolitan, that "Practical" here means administrative: hence its situation must be within radiance of these atmospheres! Thus we find it not even in suburban London, where they at least mine clay for bricks; but at the centre—Piccadilly! Thus too the Imperial Institute of Technology is located in a region purer of contamination from such toil than any other that could be found upon this Kingdom's map—South Kensington! Similarly, the "Ecole des Mines" (LePlay's!) of France lies in the Boul' Mich'; and even the Ecole d'Agriculture in the great city too! And in the corresponding college of our own city, I am told today of written examinations in bee-keeping with certificates for those who have never kept them nor even experienced the first real lesson of a sting!

Despite the profound self-deception of the would-be "practical men," who put such institutions in such supremely wrong places, it is only fair to say that they have not been entirely without fruit. Thus Huxley was first at Piccadilly, and then Kensington. Breadwinning gave him no option but to accept his situation at the museums, and to work at such picked specimens as could be brought there: but he none the less had had a great voyage of youth behind him. LePlay was head of the Ecole des Mines: but constantly through life escaped to travel widely, knowing all about mines and miners, from English Midlands to the Ural. Distinguished names such as these are then of service, to justify, to their founders, and their shrine-worshipping public, such institutional misplacements; while their amazingly small productivity of successors to such men is blamed on the "poverty of average intelligence." But such average is produced artificially, and by "the systematic blighting of buds"—as my gentle colleague Arthur Thomson, who never uses "strong language," so accurately calls it. Stanley Hall's Adolescence is here the decisive classic, which no proper bureaucrat dare read: since once for all identifying young life with the varied potentialities of genius; although, like all young buds, only too easily examined and averaged away.

If we would educate for the physical sciences, we must above all keep in touch with their most characteristic natural phenomena, the most convenient centres for their study, and the corresponding workshops of their applications. So too for the sciences of nature. Darwin's inveterate truancy, at school, at Edinburgh and at Cambridge, prepared him for his Naturalist's Voyage, and his subsequent interpretations of it. The statue of Audubon's leading rival or successor in American ornithology (Wilson), stands today in his native town of Paisley; but with an inscription decently omitting the essential point of his history—that he left for America to escape transportation to Australia, as the most inveterate of local "poachers"—a term which is our only correct legal verbiage for ramblers and explorers.

The two Geikie brothers, our best-known British geologists of the past generation, learned their science from boyhood in free rambling on our Edinburgh hills, and later in field surveying; but none of it at the University. Though successively professors of geology at Edinburgh, and with admirable teaching powers and resources, they turned out graduates indeed, but none to compare with themselves. The supreme work of Lyell, his Principles of Geology, owes no debt to his school or college education; it was derived from the observation and interpretation of his own familiar home-region and boyish haunts along Arbroath cliffs and caves; and later developed by travel. And thus it was that Lyell became above all Darwin's acknowledged teacher of evolution throughout nature.

This theme might be extended indefinitely; and indeed it needs to be, at a time when great educational institutions are rivaling each other in setting up (*Continued on page* 512)

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OUR CITY OF THOUGHT

(*Continued from page* 509)

schools and institutes apart from the natural realities they are intended to investigate, and from the activities they are devised to carry farther. For while the present association holds firm—throughout English-speaking Universities especially—between the "practical" administrators and the old bookish and verbal communicators of knowledge, and while they "stand together, and keep faithful to our great academic traditions"—(of verbalistic empaperment above all things), the pious donors' contributions will continue to be safeguarded—as in the parable of the napkin.

Meantime, let the science student, who "means business," go to nature, and to her occupations, for himself. If it had been money or position that he wanted, he should have sought them outside, in their relevant occupations. Having selected science, let him not then lose its realities for academic gains or status—after all so insignificantly small in comparison with the rewards of active life and in active thought.

VII

IF our study is not in nature, of rocks, or forces, but like Ruskin's in Venice, of the stones and human significance of cities, then shall we need to set our laboratory on their High Street; yet with scan of their plains to hills and sweep of the valley section of their civilization. So we shall come in a succeeding article more particularly to this Outlook Tower in Edinburgh. But before taking up its work of civic interpretation for city people, let me in my next paper bring what I have said of regional and occupational education to the touchstone of everyday lives—those of two Scotsmen here—my son and myself; since each an outcome of it.

SHALL WE HAVE BALLADS AGAIN?

(*Continued from page* 492)

them often enough to justify having them; but the demand of something else in us that wants the room in life which these take up.

That blithe peasant life, in the lips and hearts of whose poverty-worn illiterates the ballads were born, was rich at all events in these two kinds of leisure: the freedom from economic suspense, and the freedom from a clutter of wares. They were freer from wares than their lord, who was perhaps a raider, and their abbot, who was often subjected to requisitions by the king.

Now the expectation is widespread that we are near the beginning of another epoch of civilization. What the new social order is going to be like, we spend perhaps too much breath in disputing about, since all our forward looks are tinged deeply with the old habits of our lives. Any future which we find ourselves able to conceive in any detail does in a very real sense "come streaming from behind us up over our heads." We conceive of it, consequently, almost always in terms of more organized, more regimented, more conscious and formal arrangements of each other's lives even than now. What if, instead, when the pendulum turns, an immense relaxation of these formalities and pre-arrangements should come about?—a condition of society too friendly to be formal?—a spirit, on the rise at last, of letting ourselves be more simply human, moved simply more as neighbors, as kinsfolk?

I soberly hope that we may then look for ballads again, whenever, under one form or another, we let ourselves relax into friendship with one another, and abandoning all attempts at prestige, begin to live a blithe community life, such as finds itself at home with songs and dances.

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